

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 133.—VOL. V.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.] PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MISS LITTON.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
DONCASTER RACES.

On Wednesday, 13th September, St. Leger Day, a Cheap Excursion, for One or Three Days, will leave London.

Moorgate-street, at 5.25 a.m.; Aldersgate-street, 5.27; Farringdon-street, 5.29; King's Cross (G. N. R.), 5.45. Returning from Doncaster the same day, or on Friday, 15th September, at 6.30 p.m.

The Train will arrive at, and depart from, the Shakespeare Sidings (the entrance to which is close to the Railway Company's Church), near to the Doncaster Station.

On Friday, 15th September, Special Express Trains, from Doncaster to London, will run as under:

	1st and 2nd Class.	1st 2nd. and 3rd.
Doncaster.....dep.	4 15	6 10
King's Cross.....arr.	7 55	10 0

Horses may be sent on any week day, by the Ordinary Trains, leaving King's Cross at 5.15 a.m. and 12.15 noon, or 1.10 p.m.; and, on Sundays, at 7.30 a.m.

A Special Train, for the Conveyance of Horses, will leave Doncaster at 8.30 a.m., on Friday 15th and Saturday, 16th of September, for Retford, Grantham, Peterborough, Hitchin, and King's Cross.

A Special Horse Train will also leave Doncaster for York, at 8.0 a.m., on Friday 15th, and 8.0 a.m. and 2.40 p.m. on Saturday, 16th September.

For further particulars see Hand-bills.
HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.
London, King's Cross Station, September, 1876.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
WARWICK RACES, SEPTEMBER 5TH AND 6TH.

Ordinary Trains leave Paddington for LEAMINGTON and WARWICK at 6.0, 7.0, and 10.0 a.m., and 12.50, 3.30, 5.0, and 6.30 p.m., and return at frequent intervals daily.

On Tuesday, September 5th, a Special Fast Train will leave Paddington for LEAMINGTON and WARWICK in front of the 10.0 a.m. train, and return from Warwick at 6.10, and Leamington at 6.15 p.m. on the following day.

For further particulars, see Special Bills.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. GATTIL. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Artists—Mdlle. Bianchi, Madame Fernandez Bentham, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Signori Gianini and Medica. Pianist—M. Henri Kettner. Soloists, Messrs. A. Burnett (Leader), Howard Reynolds, Hughes, Horton, Harvey, &c. Magnificent Orchestra of 100 performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards (F. Godfrey). Theatre beautifully decorated by Dayes and Caney, and rendered delightfully cool by Fountains, Ferneries, &c. (by Dick Radclyffe and Co.), interspersed with huge blocks of ice. Refreshments by Messrs. Gatti, of the Royal Adelaide Gallery, Adelaide-street, Strand. A new and brilliant Selection from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," arranged expressly by Arditi, will be performed for the first time on Tuesday next.

Beethoven Night, Wednesday next, Sept. 6.

Verdi Night, Friday next, Sept. 8.

Madame Rose Hersee, Saturday next, Sept. 9. Herr Wilhelmj, Saturday, Sept. 10.

Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

Box-office open from 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. J. RUSSELL.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—This theatre will be re-opened TO-NIGHT, September 2nd, when Mr. John S. Clarke will commence an engagement of Seven Nights as Dr. Pangloss, LL.D., and A.S.S., and Major Wellington de Boots, in the Comedies of the HEIR-AT-LAW and a WIDOW HUNT. Mesdames Minnie Walton, Emily Thorne, Blanche Henri, Hayes. Messrs. Howe, Everill, Braid, Gordon, Joyce, Weathersby, Crouch, &c. Doors open at Seven, commence at Half-past Seven. Box-office open 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter. Mr. Gilbert's new and original Drama, in Three Acts, called DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH, will be produced on Monday Evening, Sept. 11.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Man-

ager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.—THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE, a great and acknowledged success, 122nd Night. At Eight, a comic drama, by A. Matthison, Esq., entitled MARY'S SECRET: Messrs. H. Standing, Russell, and G. Barrett; Messrs. E. Duncan and E. Vining. At 8.45, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE: supported by J. Clarke, Righton, Standing, and H. Ashley; Mesdames C. Hope, Vining, H. Coveney, Myra Holme, E. Bruce, and Emily Duncan. Notice.—Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM having sufficiently recovered from his late Alpine accident will re-appear on Saturday evening, 9th September.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CARL ROSA

OPERA COMPANY.—Mr. CARL ROSA begs to announce a Season of Opera, commencing MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Engagements made:—Mdlle. Ida Corani, Miss Cora Stuart, Miss Giulia Warwick, Miss E. Thornton, Mdlle. Agnes Bertini, and Miss Julia Gaylord, Miss Josephine Yorke, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Miss L. Graham, and Mdlle. Ostava Torriani. Mr. Henry Nordblom, Mr. Percy Blandford, Mr. J. W. Turner, Mr. Charles Lyall, and Mr. Fred. C. Packard. Mr. F. H. Celi, Mr. Ludwig, Mr. A. Stevens, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Arthur Howell, and Mr. Santley.

Particular attention has been paid to the selection of the Orchestra and Chorus. The former will include the following well-known Artists:—Messrs. Carrodus, Betjemann, Zerbin, E. Howell, A. Howell, A. Wells, Dubrug, Snelling, Hutchings, Mann, Macgrath, &c. Conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa; Leader, Mr. Carrodus; Chorus Master, Mr. John Pew; Stage Manager, Mr. Arthur Howell; Musical Prompter, Mr. W. J. Petre. The Ballet under the direction of Mrs. Aynsley Cook. Conductor of the Ballet, Mr. Betjemann. The Military Band (Coldstream Guards), under the direction of Mr. Fred Godfrey. The Costumes by Mr. and Mrs. Stinchcombe.

During the Season selections will be made from the Operas in the repertoire of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, including the "Lily of Killarney" (Sir J. Benedict), with alterations and additions specially written by the composer for this Company; and the following, not yet performed:—"Ioconde" (Nicolo Isouard), first time in England; "Fidelio" (Beethoven), as originally composed, without recitatives; "Pauline" (F. H. Cowen), first production, specially composed for this Company; "Giralda" (Adolphe Adam), first time in England; "The Flying Dutchman" (Richard Wagner), first time in English; with Scenery specially painted by Mr. Hawes Craven and Assistants. Mechanical Effects by Mr. Mather.

The season will open with Cherubini's master-work, "The Water Carrier," which created so great an interest in musical circles on its first production by this Company last season.

The following scale of prices will be adopted:—Boxes, £2 2s., £2 12s. 6d., and £3 3s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 7s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 8. Box Office now open from 10 till 5 daily. No Booking Fees. Acting Manager, Mr. Joseph D. McLaren.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, Londresborough

Theatre, Scarborough. Bristol, Plymouth, Manchester, Sheffield, Brighton, Birmingham, Hull, &c., &c., to follow.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr.

HARE.—This Theatre will OPEN on SATURDAY, Sept. 9, for a Short Season, under the management of Miss HELEN BARRY, when will be produced an entirely new and original play, in four acts, entitled ETHEL'S REVENGE, in which Miss Helen Barry will appear, supported by a powerful company. Box-office open on and after Monday next from 11 to 5 daily. Acting Manager, Mr. John Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY

EVENING.—At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, and Charles Warner; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, a deeply-interesting Drama called THE DEAD LETTER. Messrs. Roberts, Newbound, Drayton, Jackson, Lewis, Reeve, Fox, Pitt, Hyde, Mdlles. Bellair, Summers, Rayner. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Miss Emily Adams: The Garretta Troupe. Brothers Keeling. Concluding with the very successful Drama called DOOMED TO DARKNESS. Messrs. Reynolds, Fox, Reeve. Mdlles. Adams, Brewer. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. E. Drayton.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest. Dancing on the monster Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. Grand Fête al fresco. On MONDAY and Every Evening during the week (except Wednesday and Thursday) at 7. The Great Drama of TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, by Tom Taylor, Esq. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Symes, Vincent, Nicholls, Grant, G. Conquest, Jun., &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, &c. To conclude with NECK OR NOTHING; Mr. Geo. Conquest, &c. Wednesday, BELPHEGOR; NECK OR NOTHING. Thursday, THE HUNCHBACK; INCIDENTALS; THE HUGUENOTS. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—SATURDAY

NEXT (Sept. 2). GRAND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT.—In CENTRAL HALL, at 4.30, the Celebrated FRENCH WRESTLERS and Athletes: Bonnet-le-Bœuf, Le Serpent-des-Bois, Solomon, Boulanger, Gaston-de-Lyon, and "L'Homme Masque." First appearance in London for some years.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week

ending SEPT. 9th.

MONDAY, SEPT. 4th { Last week but one of Children's Spectacular and Equestrian Pantomime LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9th. { MYERS' GREAT HIPPODROME: Two Performances Daily.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7th. { Fireworks and Races in addition to above.

MONDAY, SIXPENCE; Other Days, ONE SHILLING, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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THE OLD CLOCK HOUSE,
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The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,

April 25, 1876.

HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

Next Week's Number (9th Sept.) of the

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND
DRAMATIC NEWS

will contain a double-page drawing by HARRY FURNESS of

MRS. ROUSBY

as the

MISSING "GAINSBOROUGH."

Sketches of the

HIGHFIELD HALL STUD FARM

(The property of Edmund Tattersall, Esq.),

by J. STURGESS,

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THE

GREAT ST. LEGER NUMBER

OF THE

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DRAMATIC NEWS

will appear early on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 13,

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and with it

WILL BE GIVEN AWAY,

a double-page picture, in tints, by J. STURGESS,

of the

CRACK THREE-YEAR-OLDS

OF 1876,

AND PROBABLE

WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER.

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DENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d; Children always 6d. A Military Band will perform at four o'clock every Saturday until further notice. The Indian Menagerie of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is open daily after 11 o'clock. The NEW LION HOUSE contains a full series of the larger Feline animals.

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street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

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STEWED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS.

Take one quart of milk and mix with it four ounces, or four table-spoonsful of the Corn Flour; flavour to taste, then boil for eight minutes, allow it to cool in a mould, and serve up with stewed fruit of any kind.

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"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—Cymbeline, Act I. sc. ii.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.

We are compelled to hold over Notices of some September Magazines. "Swimming and Diving," by W. Wilson, Cassell's "Countries of the World," and other Reviews until next week; together with our chronicle of Yachting, and Past Races.

* * We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

EAST ENDER.—Races were run in Hyde Park at the end of Charles the First's reign.

J. PRIER.—The Hampton Court stud was established in the reign of George IV. It was purely a racing stud.

DRAMATIC.

A. S. J.—Mr. Chippendale played Sir Lucius in 1870, at the Haymarket Theatre.

EDMOND G.—Mrs. Crawford was playing, when aged sixty-three, at Covent Garden Theatre in October 1797, in the part of Lady Randolph in Douglas, to the Norval of Mr. Johnson, "the Edinbro' Roscius" who was then new on the London stage.

"QUICK JOHN."—The prices of the Haymarket Theatre in 1772 were: Boxes, 8s.; Pit, 5s.; First Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Upper Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Stage Boxes, half-a-guinea.

CRICKET.

G. CLARKSON.—F. W. Lillywhite, and James Broadbridge introduced "the march of intellect system," early in the present century, probably about 1827.

"CHESTERFIELD."—(1.) D. did his duty. Two blacks don't make a white. (2.) No.

TURF.

E. M. H., Kettering.—We regret that we are unable to supply the required information. We may add that it is inconvenient for us to answer inquiries of this kind by post.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. K.—As a regular uniform was not adopted in the English army in 1669, we cannot possibly answer your question.

VANITY.—The real, or assumed name of the female pedestrian at the North Woolwich Gardens, whose portrait we gave last week, is St. Clair, and her task the arduous one of walking one thousand miles in nine hundred and fifty hours.

F. G., Dublin.—Write to Mr. C. Waddy.

S. H., Maida Hill.—We may by-and-bye be in a position to entertain your proposition; at present we are not.

A. H. M., Herne.—The matter referred to in your letter shall be attended to.

J. S. I., Stoke Newington.—Your American friend has been communicated with. The book is in the reviewer's hands.

J. PASSMORE EDWARDS.—You are quite welcome to the "advertisement we have given the Eccles, gratis," and we are glad to have your letter. It affords conclusive evidence of the accuracy of your reporter. "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that grammar is not your strong suit.

"ARTIST" is thanked for his good opinion of Mr. Sturgess's drawings.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

A NEW YORK daily journal announces that large shipments of "blooded" horses are now made from that port to this country, owing chiefly to the victories achieved here by Mr. Sandford's mare Preakness. As a preventive of sea-sickness in horses, bleeding may be useful, but we must say that a little encouragement goes a great way with our American cousins, if the successes of Preakness have led to an extraordinary exportation of "blooded" stock.

OUR excellent contemporary, the *New York Sportsman*, ventures to doubt the accuracy of the "time taken by Benson's chronograph," it may be thought with some show of reason. But, after all, why make such a fuss about it? This is an advertising age, and, for our part, we see no harm in an enterprising watchmaker's securing the aid of a turf-reporter in order to push the sale of his watches. Business is business, and the abiding anxiety of the Press to recognise the marvellous accuracy of the chronograph is doubtless duly recognised by the maker. But no consideration of this kind affects the writer in the *New York Sportsman*, who is, consequently, severe to a fault. As thus:—

"TIME TAKEN BY BENSON'S CHRONOGRAPH."—This is carefully placed before each mention of the unofficial time in English races by some of the papers. We perceive that *Bell's Life* does not give any time at all in its recent reports, and this is much better than to publish the time announced by Benson's man and his chronograph. Nineteen times out of twenty it is wrong, and sometimes so egregiously erroneous, that, if the reporters knew half as much as they pretend to do, they would reject it. In the Goodwood Stakes, the 'time taken by Benson's chronograph' is set down at 5 min. 2 sec. The distance is two miles and a half, the weights were moderate, the pace was strong, and Mate was away behind with only 112lb. Yet we are required to believe, 'to oblige Benson' and his timekeepers, that it was run at a worse rate than two minutes to the mile. Now, this won't do. The English horses could not beat Mate at that rate, and the assertion made by 'Anglo-American,' that he is a fast horse, but no stayer, and that his best distance is a mile and a quarter, is far too sweeping. He made True Blue run the fastest race of two miles that there has been. It was even weights, both four years. Last year, he ran the fastest race of two miles and a furlong that has been run, and carried his full weight. It was run at the rate of 1 min. 48½ sec., and yet here, according to Benson, he gets beaten off in a race where the pace was not as good as two minutes. When we come to the Cup, it is more absurd, for the time given is 5 min. 6 sec., and the pace represented to be strong enough to beat Freeman, and break down Louise Victoria, and defeat Preakness with 119lb. The rate in this was about 2 min. 3 sec. to the mile, according to Benson's instrument and those who used it, and it is impossible that this can be true. West Australian beat Kingston by a head over a much more severe course, the same distance and about the same weights, in 4 min. 27 sec. Now, we know very well that New Holland is not West Australian, and that old Preakness is not Kingston, but here is the huge difference of thirty-nine seconds in two miles and a half. Preakness could not have been beaten in such a race as this, and 'time taken by Benson's chronograph,' under the present system is a good deal worse than none at all."

HERR BANDMANN is advertised to appear at the National Theatre, Berlin, in his native tongue. Judging from the wording of the advertisement, our friend Dan'l intends to tickle the palates of his countrymen with the representation of a new kind of Polony-us, into which "native tongue" largely enters.

WE are only too pleased to quote the following remarks, *apropos* of the Philadelphia Regattas, from an American paper: "The position of referee is an important one, and we hope it will be offered to Mr. E. D. Brickwood, whose experience in the duties renders him *par excellence* the man for the place. It would also be a graceful tribute to that gentleman, a visitor to our shores, but who, though personally a stranger to nearly every American rowing man, is yet well known to them, both as an editor and an author." An agreeable change has come o'er the spirit of the United States' press. Diabolical motives are no longer ascribed to the Briton, who has a naturally British desire to see his countrymen defeat their American cousins. The howling cad, who for many years seasoned the columns of his paper with calumnies of English sporting institutions and sportsmen, is no longer listened to. Our reception of Hamill, and the Harvard and Atalanta crews—of Bogardus, and Weston, and Leon—of American yachtsmen, oarsmen, crack shots, pedestrians, equestrians, and horses, has shown that whatever we are in other respects, we are fair sportsmen; and it is pleasant to find that fact recognised in such a graceful manner by the American journal quoted above. Mr. E. D. Brickwood fully deserved the compliment, but we think all the more of it for the change of feeling which it indicates.

A POET, in *Turf, Field, and Farn*, apostrophises his darling "Dolly" in this remarkable fashion:—

Never mind, my dear Dolly;
They may call you a plug;
I can hear their abuse
While my shoulders I shrug.

"A plug!" If we had not read on and discovered that Dolly was a trotting mare we should have been unhappy. Yet, after all, what is a plug?

"ELFIN," of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, thinks the controversy "which has been raging with regard to the manners and customs of the bathers at Tynemouth, Cullercoats, and Witley, is really of very simple proportions. It would be manifest tyranny to exclude bathers from the sands because they did not wear drawers. A

section of the sands is set apart for bathers from the sands, but I think it would be more convenient if that section were moved into a corner out of the way of the general promenade." The idea of moving a section of sea-shore into a corner out of the way, for the greater convenience of bathers, could only emanate from the Newcastle mind—which is heroic.

MR. CHATTERTON is too cruel. He should have issued his ukase during the hot weather. With the thermometer ninety-odd in the shade, it would have been rather a mercy than otherwise to have insisted on the moustached members of the Adelphi Company's shaving themselves. But—now! We sympathise from the bottom of our hearts with Messrs. McIntyre (who was first to the barber's with his beard), Terriss, and Shore, on the enforced smoothness of their faces. The air bites shrewdly just now, and it is more than probable that the elocution of the beautiful Terriss will be marred by the nasal obstructions which cubs of a bad cold id the head. And yet for once in a while we agree with Mr. Chatterton. Except when "the unities" demand it, no actor should be allowed to grow a moustache.

WE hear that a West-End manager intends shortly to produce an extravaganza from the pen of a popular writer entitled, *The Two Joes*. It would be interesting to know if the firm of more or less eminent lithographers who copied—and travestied—Mr. F. Barnard's drawing of Jennie Lee, which had appeared in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, are in treaty with the manager aforesaid for the production of another gorgeous "poster." Had we taken the precaution to go through the legal form of securing to Mr. Edgar Bruce the sole right to reproduce Mr. Barnard's drawing as an advertisement of *Jo*, the eminent firm in question would have heard from us long ere this. Unfortunately, however, our agreement with Mr. Bruce and Mr. Burnett (Miss Lee's husband) was verbal. Our and their right to the exclusive use of the picture was merely moral. We are, therefore, precluded from doing more than protest, as we do now, against an act as unwarrantable as it was impudent.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE's bird *redivivus*! Everybody knows that Shiel Barry is nightly playing the part of Feeny, at the Adelphi Theatre, London; but a correspondent doubts whether it is equally well known that he is also playing in *Eileen Oge*, at the Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool. Our informant derives his information from the *Entr'Acte* and *Hornet*.

SKETCHES IN NORMANDY.

THE saying "When in Bo-long do as Bo-long does" brings to mind one of John Leech's happiest efforts, illustrating an English family enjoying bathing in the French fashion. Yet what Paterfamilias would allow his family to join in a similar scene at Brighton or Scarborough? He considers it the "correct thing" to attend church regularly every Sunday when at home, and spend the Sabbath evening in our dull English way; but the silver streak is crossed in two hours, and lo! a bathe in the morning and the theatre in the evening is then the "correct thing" in the eyes of the same individual. Our inconsistencies are amusing, and in what more than in "How to spend Sunday." Englishmen as a rule enjoy the usual custom of the French, yet they cry against any adoption of it in their own country. On Sunday evening they patronise the Opera or the Café Chantant, as a matter of duty, if not of pleasure, with that dogged imitation peculiar to them.

St. Malo is a strong fortification, enclosing a mass of crowded houses and dirty lanes for streets (which we were beginning to distinguish by some particular filthy smell rather than by names). This "fashionable seaside town" has only one recommendation to strangers; that is the bathing, which must be enjoyed in a very limited time, dependent on the tides; when the tide is full there is no sand visible whatever, so you are driven within the battlements, and obliged to suffer the greatest collection of evil smells it has ever been my misfortune to endure. The weather was the warmest we have had this summer, but I was determined to make no exception to the rule of my countrymen, so, despite all inconveniences, I went to the theatre. It was out of the frying-pan into the fire; no ventilation whatever, and an odour prevalent strangely suggestive of an amalgamation of all the smells outside.

I was curious to see a French provincial performance, and had expected to dot down many novelties in my sketch-book; but in this I was not to be gratified; there is absolutely no difference in anything to what I have seen in this country. I noticed the bathing-woman acts as ticket-collector at the door, still in her bathing garb. Curious for her to take our tickets in the morning for one bath, in the evening for another—rather different, no doubt! Looking at this briny old soul between the acts, made me wish the more for the morrow's bathing hour, when she would present me with a limited costume and serviette. The passes in the theatre, by-the-by, consist of the date stamped on an old playing card. I sat immediately behind the orchestra, and found no inconvenience, as the band consisted of three performers. It was the first time I had seen a piano in an orchestra; it was performed on by a woman; this was during the first piece—a drama in five acts—but for the opera which followed we had a pretty fair orchestra; each performer was supplied with a piece of candle, which he stood as best he could on his music-stand. What struck me most was the number of soldiers in every part of the house, and, as they are admitted half-price to all amusements, it is not beneficial to the treasury. The five-act drama was a military one, and outside the theatre were stationed soldiers on guard. They want quantity—their quality is bad. The opera, rendered in French, was remarkably good; I left at midnight, having seen only two acts out of four.

The following Sunday evening I was at Granville, another seaside town, and there visited a café chantant. Music halls have always been detestable to me; but I must admit music halls number among many other things they manage better in France. You can sit in the garden, and hear the performance, but the interior is so well ventilated, that it is nearly as pleasant; have coffee you relish, instead of the poison supplied in places of the sort here; perfect order and politeness from everyone, in contrast to the vile language and barbarity of our music-hall audiences; instead of being in the haunt of the demi-monde, you sit among decent people, and enjoy tolerable singing. Alas! one person is, however, present—the "irrepressible Arry," the very counterpart of our English type. There he sits, in all his glorious cadishness, leering at the female performers, applauding vigorously, making himself generally objectionable, and dressed in the height of vulgarity.

The evening's entertainment was divided into two parts. The

first was left entirely to the efforts of three ladies; they never left the stage, but, provided with chairs, came forward in turn to sing. The afterpart was a musical absurdity, in which only two performed—men made up as old fisherwomen—and here we had an example of the superiority of the French for comedy-acting and for thorough makes-up; the latter was superb, as artistic, funny, and true, as any I have ever seen. I doubt the French, even in a café chantant, would tolerate the make-up of the low comedians in our principal London theatres. The two performers managed to keep the house in continual good humour. I did not quite follow the incidents in this musical sketch; but the climax struck me as peculiarly French. They quarrel in the Madame Angot fashion, until, in a struggle, one pulls the shawl off the other old woman's shoulders, disclosing a huge cross. Awed by the sight of it, the other succumbs, and the curtain falls to religious music.

H. F.

THE CARRIER PIGEON IN BELGIUM.

BELGIUM, I believe to be the home of the amateur pigeon breeder; he begins to try his birds early in the spring, as follows:—The chosen pigeons are transported a certain distance, two or three miles from home, *i. e.* in the direction of the winning post, there they are freed, and return to their cots; eight days after they are again transported a few miles beyond in the same direction, and so on, until the day of the race, which generally commences on the first Sunday in May and finishes at the end of September. The trials are usually local; but despite that they do enormous distances. They commence from Quiévrain, or from Valenciennes, then take flight from Saint Quintin, Busigny, Tergnier, or Creil, and after that from Paris, Orleans, Poitiers, Saint Sebastian, and from as far as the Pyrenees and Spain.

The pigeons are conveyed to these different parts by members of the society who take an interest in the races, and you may glean an idea of the importance of the movement from the following statistics of the State and the Northern French Railways.

Every Saturday trains are formed for the exclusive carriage of pigeons. They are ordinarily composed of twenty wagons, each wagon contains fifty baskets, and each basket forty to fifty pigeons, the minimum number transported by each train being therefore 40,000. It is a notable fact that the real Belgian pigeon fancier keeps from 300 to 500 pigeons, and that Belgium possesses in all about one million of these interesting creatures.

At the station of Braine-le-Comte I assisted at the opening of about fifty baskets of these pigeons, and it was indeed curious to note the way they all rose and went round and round, until they found the direction of their cots, when they immediately shot off like lightning. The first arrivals are taken great care of, and are subsequently used in matches of long distances, and generally arrive, if they do not encounter, like La Fontaine's traveller, perfidious lakes, or the shot of a sportsman. Unfortunately the gun of the gamekeeper ruthlessly kills all that comes within its reach without discernment or pity.

The velocity of the pigeon is calculated to be 140 kilometres to the hour, or thereabouts, therefore, in taking the direct route, a good carrier pigeon would accomplish the distance between Brussels and Lyons in four hours or four and a half hours; others would take two days, others would take more, and some would not accomplish the journey under six weeks. The facility of transport now enables the Belgians to send their birds to all parts to enter for matches; they invariably return from towards the north; but, nevertheless, in last year's matches with London very good results were obtained, despite their incomplete education for crossing the Channel, although, be it remembered, some of those employed in the journey had previously been to Rome and back.

The bird of Venus, which was the bearer of love messages in the middle ages, never performed such long distances.

H. WILLMENT.

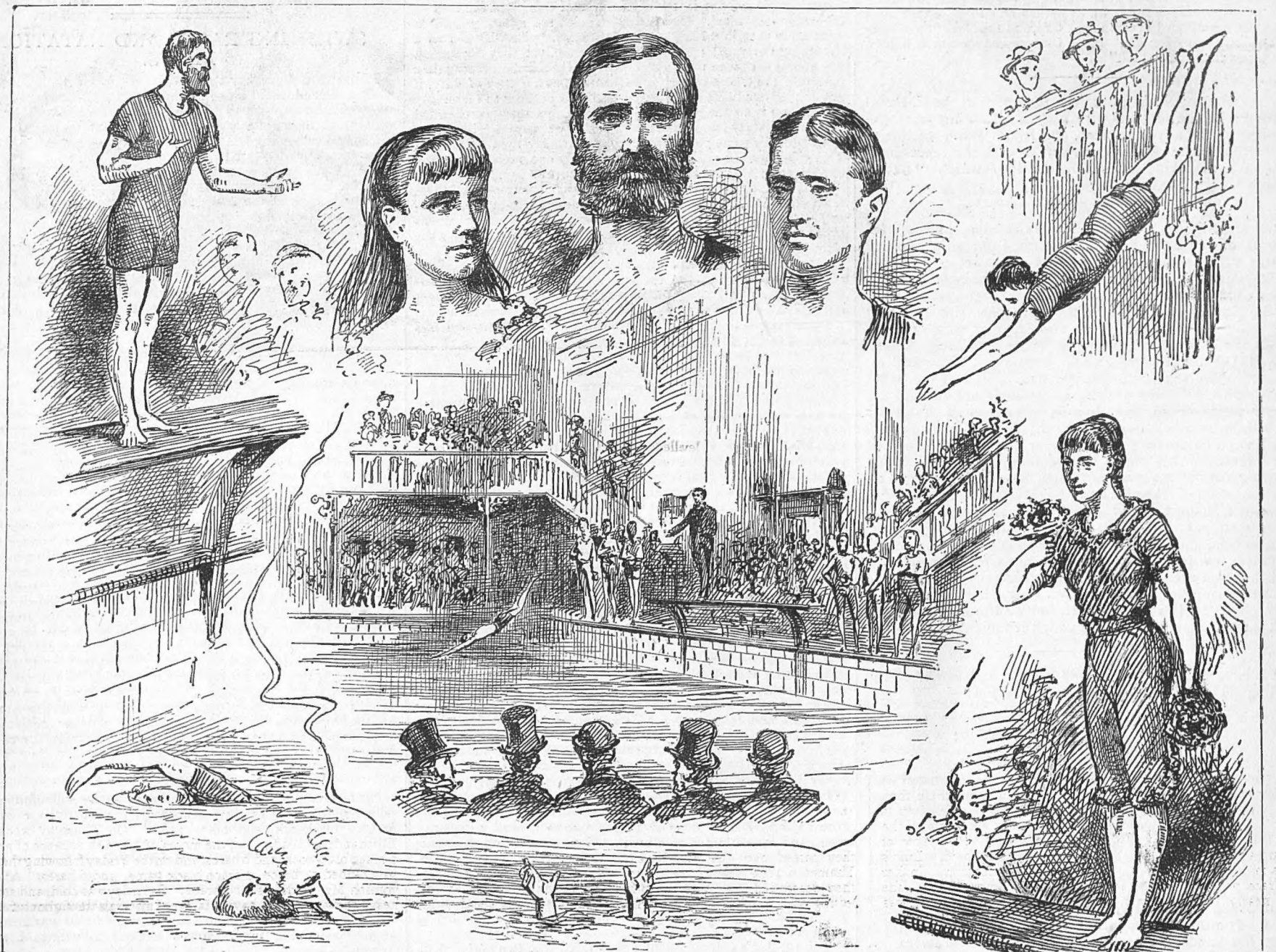
SWIMMING RACES AND NATATION FEATS.

PROFESSOR BECKWITH has done so much to advance the wholesome and useful art of swimming, in public estimation, that we note with pleasure that his efforts are beginning to be more widely and thoroughly appreciated. On Monday afternoon last, the annual swimming fête of the professor took place. The baths were tastefully decorated for the occasion, and there were some excellent and well-contested swimming races and a display of remarkably clever feats. Two entertainments were given, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening. In the afternoon there was a fair attendance, but in the evening the space allotted to spectators was crowded. The programme comprised several "events" for both entertainments, and "correct cards" were distributed, just as at horse races, to those who paid for them. The sports commenced with a race open to youths under 12 years of age, 80 yards. There were six competitors, and J. Fry and W. Carroll came in respectively first and second. An Amateur Handicap followed, 160 yards, in heats, the first and second in each heat to swim in the final heat; gold medal for first, silver for second and third. In the final heat five started—F. Middleton, R. Gould, N. London, G. Webster, and J. R. Williams, and, after an exciting contest, N. London came in first, Webster second, and Williams third. Professor Beckwith then entered the water in a walking suit, and performed a variety of feats, diving and coming up with a lighted cigar, the lit end of which was in his mouth when entering the water; swimming with his clothes on and undressing in the water; swimming feet first on back, without using hands; then feet first on chest; swimming with one leg out of water; waltzing in the water, and swimming with hands and feet tied. Then the already famous Miss Agnes Beckwith, whose age is 15, and who a few weeks ago swam ten miles in the Thames, having been welcomed by much cheering, gave some illustrations of plain and ornamental swimming. In the evening there were three races, the first being in heats, for youths under 16. In the final heat, in which there were six starters, C. Brooks was the winner, J. Griffiths coming in second. The second event was a race for novices, those who had never won a prize, in heats—160 yards, the prizes given by Mr. S. Morley, M.P. In the final heat six competed, and after a very fine and exciting race there was a dead heat between Keene and Round, and these two swam in another heat, Keene being eventually the victor. But the race which excited most interest of all was one for the championship of England, the competitors being E. T. Jones, of Leeds, the champion of England; J. Temple, the champion of Putney; W. Beckwith, the champion of London; and T. Bates. Distance, 400 yards. This race was to have come off in the afternoon, but Jones had not then arrived. The swimming in this race was exceedingly fast, and the contest very close, Bates was nowhere after the first length. The other three kept abreast the whole race until within a few yards of the goal, when Jones gave a spurt and came in first, being, however, not more than a yard ahead of Temple, who was in his turn about the same distance from Beckwith. Our sketches are from the clever pencil of Mr. Birch.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH is creating a great furore at Scarborough, the Londesborough Theatre being found insufficient to accommodate the large crowds anxious to witness her performances.

THE HOME RULERS OUTRAGED

Scenes at the Banquet in DUBLIN



CHAMPION SWIMMING AT THE LAMBETH BATHS.

TROTting HORSES.

WITH reference to the breeding of trotting horses in the United States, J.B. says in an American contemporary—the *Turf, Field, and Farm* :—

All fast trotting speed comes from the thoroughbred, or from the race from which the thoroughbred descends, namely, the Turks, Barbs, and Arabians; and still no thoroughbred was ever known to trot *very fast* (for example, in 2:25 or better). This may seem paradoxical, but I think it will stand the test of science. It is the happy combination of the form of the common stock with that of the thoroughbred which produces the fast trotting gait, as the history of the Orloff trotters, as well as our own, goes to illustrate. Admitting that it is highly important to have a good specimen to breed from, yet I must dissent from the oft-quoted maxim that "like produces like." It is not true. "Like produces like or the likeness of some ancestor." Hence the cause of so many failures in breeding. Many a fast mare on the turf has failed to produce fast colts. The cause of this is plain enough. Perhaps she is accidentally fast, her speed having been transmitted through a single line of good breeding, and the produce would be more likely to inherit the mingled characteristics of several bad lines of blood than one good one. Another cause of failure is in placing too much dependence upon high-sounding pedigrees (which are often imperfect), regardless of a personal knowledge of the merits of the individual specimen in question. I have seen mares by Old Star and Rysdyk's Hambletonian that I would not accept as a gift to breed from. Accidental and unforeseen causes of failure

are numerous, and many blanks are drawn to one prize. The true theory is to select a good specimen, well bred.

I would prefer to cross a compact, well-bred horse, belonging to some good trotting family, with a stout and roomy thoroughbred mare, or one nearly so, for experience teaches that the sire generally transmits his outward form and gait, but which may prove too slow, unless coupled with the quick action of the thoroughbred. The great danger in breeding is that quick motion will be sacrificed in producing the trotting step, or that the natural trotting gait will be lost in producing quick action; it is a nice point, and one in which breeders are likely to err. It has been claimed by many good horsemen that a Star mare will generally nick with a Hambletonian horse. The reason for this is obvious, if the Star mare has a good dam. Anyone tracing the pedigree of Seely's Star will readily see that this horse was nearly thoroughbred, he being by American Star, by Duroc, by imp. Diomed; Duroc's dam by Grey Diomed, and American Star's dam believed to be thoroughbred, while the dam of Seely's Star was by Sir Henry; second dam by Messenger. Sir Henry was by Sir Archy (son of Diomed), dam by Diomed, and the dam of Sir Archy was imp. Castianira, by Rockingham. The Hambletonians are generally well gaited and long striders, but nearly all of them in this section are too slow for fast trotters, and need a dash of good blood through the dam to ensure speed.

Too much care cannot be given to the selection of a good specimen to breed from. I would begin at the head. The eyes should be set low, large, prominent, and expressive, with good width of head. This is unmistakable evidence of intelligence

and gives what is termed in man the high forehead. The nostril should be large, muzzle fine, head straight and lean, of the Arabian pattern, with ears not too wide apart, neck thin, well cut out at the throat and slightly arched near the head. The shoulders should be oblique, withers thin and high, hip bone high and well forward. The hind leg can scarcely be too crooked in the trotter, as this throws the hock well backward, and gives length from hip to hock, and also length on the ground and a long stride. The only notable exception to this rule that I ever saw is Mr. Bonner's Lady Stout, whose hind legs are remarkably straight for so fast a trotter. The hock should not be too pointed, but the leg should drop in a straight line from the point of the hock to the fetlock, and stand back of the buttock two or three inches. The legs, after leaving the knees and hocks, can scarcely be too small and flat. I am aware that I will meet with opposition from a certain class of horsemen who advertise stallions with "great bone and muscle."

The large muscle is all right, but I think it is never associated, in any degree of firmness, with large bone, which is evidence of coarse breeding. The bone of the blood horse is much finer and tougher than that of the draft horse, and will compare as hickory to basswood; some authorities claim that the same bulk of the former is twice the weight of the latter. The muscles and tendons are also much firmer. There is little danger of the blood horse becoming curbed or spavined, unless inherited from some ancestor, or overwork when too young. Who ever heard of the deer, with his slender limbs, "throwing" a curb or spavin, in his gambols over the wild and rough country which he inhabits?



UNUSUAL PLAYMATES AT THE ZOO.

Much might be written on the subject of rearing, which would benefit materially the breeding community, were it not for the existence of two prominent characteristics of the human family—penuriousness and indolence. A colt, to develop well, should have plenty of good nourishing hay and green food, with regular feeds of wheat, bran, and the various kinds of grain which are necessary to make fine bone, brain, and muscle, from the time it is weaned; as animals imperfectly nourished during growth have their bones disproportionately large, and muscles small and weak. The strength of an animal does not depend on the size of the bones, but on that of the muscles. A writer, in defending this system of feeding, says: "How long would the satin-coated, thin-skinned, flint-footed, hard-boned, muscular, and proud-spirited Arabian, accustomed to a short bite and delighting in a hot sun retain, after being transferred to the rich, succulent pastures of the low countries, the high and peculiar characteristics which have given him pre-eminence over all the families of his race? If plenty of out-door exercise and fresh air are allowed there is little danger of over-feeding; neither will a few minutes of daily grooming during the winter be thrown away. Cleanliness and fresh air are as necessary to sustain health in a horse as in the human being. Now, as my ideal trotter is bred and reared, I will place him in the hands of a professional trainer, and will say little else in this article than make the assertion that every horse, if properly handled from a colt to mature years, by a skilful, patient driver, will show all the speed that his breeding and conformation render him capable of showing at the trotting gait, even if he is thoroughbred. Lulu's dam is said to be thoroughbred, being by imp. Hooton. In her great race with the Maid, at Rochester, in August, 1875, she broke nearly a dozen times on the score before the word was

given to go, but when levelled down to her work by the skilful hand of her driver, Mr. Green, won the race in the three fastest consecutive heats on record. This mare is a bad breaker, and always loses ground. Therefore it is evident that she does not break into a run, as some claim, to increase her speed, but merely through excitement. But some "instinct" theorist may ask, whence comes the unknown trotter that occasionally makes his appearance on the turf? In answering this question I will venture to say that in every instance of this kind the above principles have been accidentally complied with, either fully or in a large degree. The history of Smuggler, a converted pacer, and son of Blanco, by Cadmus, by American Eclipse, alone seems sufficient to burst the bubble of "trotting instinct," "trotting intelligence," "trotting sense," &c., as the pace appears to have been his most natural gait. The "trotting sense" lies mostly in his driver, and it is by no means certain that thoroughbreds would not make the fastest trotters, if selected from the best-formed specimens and trained to trot for successive generations, as there is reliable evidence that acquired qualities are transmissible.

POLICE FETE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ON the occasion of the recent Police Fête at the Alexandra Palace, Mr. J. Morton, the aeronaut to the company, accompanied by Mr. Silvanus Tanner, made a most successful ascent, and soon attained an altitude of 8,000 feet, at which height they passed over the east of London into Kent, crossing the Thames no less than three times. Upon arriving near Eltham they descended in a large meadow, and were just in the act of letting off the gas, when a tremendous bellowing was heard, and

on looking in the direction from whence the sound proceeded a large bull was seen rushing madly towards them. Mr. Tanner, fully appreciating the danger of the situation, with great presence of mind immediately seized the two remaining bags of ballast, and threw them bodily out of the car. The balloon at once arose, but only just in time to escape the horns of the infuriated animal, who, upon seeing the balloon suspended over him, turned his attention to the bags of sand, which he soon scattered in all directions. In his attacks upon the sand bags his horns came in contact with the grapnel-rope, and the jerk, releasing the grapnel, enabled the balloon to get free, but at the same time threw Mr. Morton, who was attending to the grapnel-rope, out of the car. Fortunately, he managed to clutch the netting, and, with Mr. Tanner's assistance succeeded in regaining the car, before they had ascended many hundred feet. The voyageurs, not at all sorry to get from the vicinity of Taurus, sailed away for about a mile, when they found a safe haven in the private grounds of Mr. M'Ewing, of Mottingham House, none the worse (with the exception of their shaking) for their adventure. The balloon being a new one, and very brightly painted, may possibly account for the animal's conduct towards the trespassers upon his "run."

IN the neighbourhood of Killin the moors are still affording excellent sport, and several sportsmen have secured large bags of grouse, blackcock, and other game. On Thursday week Mr. Ellice and party bagged on the moors of Mornish 22 brace of grouse, 2 brace blackcock, and 6 hares, and on the Friday following the same party killed 14 brace, 2 brace black game, and 6 hares. At Ardvoirlich Mr. Jardine shot 9 brace. Saturday was cold, and stormy, heavy showers of rain having fallen at intervals throughout the day.

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

So far as public musical entertainments are concerned, this is the dullest season of the year. Next Monday week, the Carl Rosa Opera season will commence at the Lyceum Theatre, and, for three months afterwards, we may anticipate abundant sources of musical enjoyment. The existing repertory of the company will furnish a large number of acknowledged masterpieces, and some interesting novelties are to be produced for the first time in London. That they will be presented with the utmost care and completeness is beyond doubt, seeing that Mr. Carl Rosa is at the head of the undertaking. We look forward to the approaching season of English opera with great interest, not only because of the musical enjoyment which it will furnish, but also because its success will do much to revive the fortunes of English opera. Meanwhile, there is little—musical—worth writing about, except the excellent concerts at Covent Garden, which are carried on with unflagging energy, and are rewarded with a larger amount of public patronage than has ever before been obtained. They are not merely popular entertainments, but are sources of instruction to musical students, and must contribute largely to the cultivation and refinement of taste amongst all lovers of music. Their importance entitles them to special recognition in those journals which are identified with the culture of musical taste, and we have great pleasure in chronicling the interesting features which they from time to time present.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts have now become attractive to genuine musicians, on account of the frequent illustrations which are given of the best composers, to whom—on these occasions—the "first part" of the programme is exclusively devoted; while the (supposed) wishes of the general public are consulted in the second, or "miscellaneous" portion of the concert. The Wednesday "classical" nights are always highly interesting; and although in the space of an hour and a half it would be manifestly impossible to give a complete idea of a great composer's genius, sufficient is done to justify the reverence which is paid to our musical benefactors; and at least one great work is always performed, in combination with a judiciously varied selection of less important specimens. The programme of the "Mendelssohn Night" furnishes a happy illustration of the method pursued. The concert began with the noble overture to *Ruy Blas*. Next came the charming tenor song "Zuleika," sung by Signor Gianini with much beauty of voice, but hardly enough refinement. This was succeeded by the Notturmo, Scherzo, and Wedding March from the music to *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; music so full of inspiration as to be fully worthy of association with the exquisite poetry of Shakespeare. Then came the piano-forte concerto in G minor;—the pianiste, M. Henri Ketten, who proved once more that he is no less masterly in his interpretation of classical masterpieces, than in those lighter bravura pieces in which he is almost without a rival. It is to be regretted that the instrument on which he plays is hardly satisfactory so far as quality and volume of tone are concerned, however much it may be adapted to the execution of brilliant rapid passages. The favourite "Flügel des Gesanges," ("The River of Song") was delightfully sung by Mlle. Bianchi, and the Mendelssohn selection concluded with one of his greatest works, the "Italian" symphony; it could not have been better played. Every movement was taken in just the right time; every member of the fine band did his best, and Signor Arditi may be congratulated on a performance which owed much of its success to his able and sympathetic direction. On the following Friday, a "Gounod Selection" was given, and included, besides copious extracts from *Faust*, the beautiful overture to *Mirella*, the delicate and poetical intermezzo from *La Colombe*, and the "Funeral March of a Marionette," one of the most picturesque pieces of tone-painting ever written. It was received with an enthusiasm which attested the appreciative powers of the large audience (over 5,000 persons), and refuted the absurd delusion that the musical amateurs of the present day are only capable of enjoying such trash as the "British Army Quadrilles," and similar vulgarities, which were applauded by a former and less cultivated generation. The extracts from *Faust* included seven of the most popular vocal and instrumental numbers, and a pianoforte arrangement of melodies in various operas of Gounod was also played by M. Henri Ketten. He was enthusiastically applauded, and his brilliant performance would probably have excited still greater interest had the audience been aware of the fact that his solo was an improvisation. Last Saturday's programme contained a large infusion of good music, which was warmly applauded. On Wednesday last, a Mozart selection was given, and attracted a large audience. Surely, the popularity of these "classical" selections, the attentive interest and the enthusiastic applause which they invariably secure, ought to establish the fact—for which we have long contended—that it is both unjust and unwise to undervalue the musical taste of the present generation, and to doubt their preference of good music to the puerilities and vulgarities which are erroneously supposed to be "popular" music. Let musical managers believe in the people, and give them nothing but good music; they will obtain abundant reward. On Saturday next, Madame Rose Hersee will make her first appearance this season, at the close of her provincial operatic tour. On the following Saturday, Herr Wilhelmj will make his first appearance in England after his labours as leader of the orchestra at the Bayreuth Festival; and other important attractions are forthcoming.

The ballet music from Gounod's *Faust*, which has recently been an attractive feature in the programmes of the Covent Garden Concerts, has not yet been performed at either of our opera-houses. It forms part of the "Walpurgis Night" scene, composed by Gounod for the Grand Opera, Paris; and surprise is often expressed that this scene—which has been very successful in Paris—has not been produced here. We are able to give an explanation, which is by no means creditable to our national character, and affords a commentary on the copyright laws. The acting right of *Faust* was not protected by registration at Stationers' Hall; and Gounod has never received a penny in respect of it from any English manager, although English managers have derived enormous profits from representations of the opera. Gounod has been applied to, by an English manager, for permission to produce the (registered) Walpurgis Night scene in future representations of *Faust*, and he refuses that permission unless his right to payment for the whole work be conceded. We are also able to state that Madame Adeline Patti is unable to appear here in *Mirella* (which is one of her best parts) because M. Gounod will not allow that opera to be played by any manager who refuses to pay the nightly dues to which the composer is morally, though not legally, entitled whenever *Faust* is played. It is time that international copyright were settled on a basis of equal justice to both foreign and native composers.

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD has intimated his intention of being present at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, in order to be formally installed captain of the club for the ensuing year.

THE DRAMA.

MR. CLAYTON'S engagement, and the representations of *All for Her*, having terminated at the Gaiety on Friday night, last week, the first opening of the new theatrical season took place at this house, which stands almost alone as having no recess; on the following evening (Saturday) when the programme presented consisted entirely of novelties—Mr. Robert Soutar supplying the *lever de rideau* in the shape of a merry little farce, evidently taken from the French, and entitled *Sold Again*; and the other two items, a farcical drama, *The Bull by the Horns*, and a comic operatic extravaganza, *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, were from the prolific pen of Mr. H. J. Byron, and are noticed in another column.

This inauguration of the autumnal season will be slowly followed by the gradual re-opening of other houses, commencing with the Haymarket to-night; the Court, under the temporary régime of Miss Helen Barry, next Saturday; the Lyceum, with Carl Rosa's English Opera Company, on the following Monday (the 11th inst.), on which evening Mr. Edgar Bruce returns to the Globe, and reproduces Mr. Burnett's drama, *Jo*, with Miss Jennie as the poor street Arab. The succeeding Saturday (16th) is fixed for the production of *Henry the Fifth*, at the Queen's, the leading characters to be sustained by Messrs. Phelps, Coleman, Ryder, Mead, &c., and Misses Emily Fowler, Kate Phillips, P. Chapman, and Mrs. Hudson Kirby. The Duke's opens on the following Monday (the 18th) as a circus, under Mr. Broekman; and Mr. Chatterton commences his dramatic campaign at Drury Lane, on Saturday, the 23rd inst., with a revival of *Richard III.*, with Mr. Barry Sullivan as the Duke of Glo'ster.

There has been but little change during the week at the theatres now open; they have however had greatly increased audiences since the excessive heat moderated.

At the Globe, *Poor Jo* was supplemented on Saturday night by a musical piece of extravagance, entitled *Quarter Day, or How to Pay Rent without Money*, which the humorous and spirited acting and singing of Mr. J. A. Cave and Miss Fannie Leslie, in the two principal characters, a dram drinking cobbler, Heelpiece, and his wife Maud, proved highly amusing to a very numerous audience, who rapturously applauded Mr. Cave's excellent rendering of J. L. Hutton's Buffo Scena, "In days of old," and his voluble and effective singing of the patter song, "court-ing," written for him by Mr. H. S. Leith, and which was encored. The farcical situation where Sir Amorous and Lady Gray emerge from the chests, wherein they have been concealed by Heelpiece and his wife, produced shouts of laughter. Mr. Cave's management here will terminate next Saturday, and on the following Monday, the 11th instant, Mr. Edgar Bruce succeeds him, and will reproduce Mr. Burnett's drama, *Jo*, with Miss Jenny Lee in her great part.

At the National Standard, Mrs. Rousby completed her fortnight's engagement last night, and will be succeeded to-night by Mr. Creswick, who appears as Hamlet.

The Royal Park Theatre at Camden Town is now occupied with a new panorama, exhibited for the first time on Saturday last, under the title of *Under the British Flag*. The scope of the panorama is very comprehensive, comprising upwards of fifty scenes, and includes a tour round the world. The artistic excellence of the different places represented, may be inferred, when it is stated that among the artists who have aided in their production appear the names of Telbin, O'Connor, Burnes, Adams, Hall, &c.

At the Crystal Palace, an attractive addition was made to the circus performances of Messrs. Myers this week, in the form of a grand spectacular pantomime in the ring, entitled and founded on the familiar nursery tale of *Little Red Riding Hood*, supported by a host of clever little children.

To-night the Haymarket reopens with Mr. J. S. Clarke as Doctor Pangloss in *The Heir-at-Law*, and Major Wellington de Boots in *A Widow Hunt*, supported by Miss Minnie Walton, Miss Emily Thorne, Mr. Howe, &c. Mr. Clarke's engagement only extends to seven nights, and on Monday week Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new play, *Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith*, will be produced, in which the principal characters will be sustained by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Odell, Mr. Howe, Miss Marian Terry, and Miss Forbes Robertson.

ALHAMBRA.

THE third act of *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, in which occurs some of the most sparkling and melodious music of this successful spectacular opera, as well as the exquisite Snow Ballet, is now further enlivened by the introduction of three remarkably clever grotesque dancers and gymnasts, The Girards, who made their first appearance in London on Saturday night, and met with enthusiastic applause. The performance of The Girards, consisting of fantastic dancing, pantomime, gymnastics, hat-spinning, &c., is singularly striking, as well as astonishing. The grotesque dancing is characterised by exceeding grace and mercurial agility, and the subsequent gymnastic and pantomimic feats, in which a long table, chairs, and a barrel are accessorially employed, are executed with marvellous dexterity, humorous spirit, and artistic finish. A marked feature in the performance is the wonderful suppleness of limb exhibited by these artists, surpassing in this respect Fred Vokes; the legs of each of the trio of Girards, having all the pliability of the limbs of an octopus, are flourished and twitched about in every direction, backwards and forwards, over each other's heads, across long tables, or whimsically whisked in some hitherto supposed impossible direction. Miss Katrine Munroe has returned, and resumed her part of the Princess Fantasy in *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, which still maintains its successful career. The leading morceaux continue to be nightly encored, especially the Apple Duet, so expressively rendered by Miss Katrine Munroe and Madame Rose Bell; the Mountebank Song, delivered with such spirit and life by the latter lady; and Prince Swindle's Rondo Air, as artistically sung by Miss A. Newton; while the two ballets—that of Des Chimères with Mlle. Bertholdi as première danseuse, and the Snow Ballet, led by Mlle. Pitteri, and enlivened by the graceful flittings of the Four Swallows among the snow-clad coryphées—form of themselves a most enjoyable attraction.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the concert at Covent Garden on Thursday evening, last week, and on Saturday night witnessed the first performance of Mr. Byron's two new pieces, *The Bull by the Horns* and *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, at the Gaiety.

Mr. John Clayton commenced his provincial tour with *All for Her*, on Monday last, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where Mr. Irving opens, at the Prince's Theatre, on Monday next.

Miss Ada Cavendish has been starring during the week at the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough.

Miss Jennie Lee commenced an engagement of twelve nights on Monday last, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, to appear in her touching impersonation of Jo, in Mr. Burnett's drama of that name.

Mr. Fred Lyster has obtained the sole right of performance of *Les Danicheff* in the colonies. He will produce his own English version of this noble play (surely the finest and most moving drama of the sort that has been written for many a day). Mr. Lyster

purposes starting for Melbourne at the end of the year, taking out with him actors already engaged for the leading parts.

The Gaiety matinees will be resumed on Saturday week, the 16th inst., when Mr. Byron will appear as Sir Simon Simple, in his own comedy of *Not Such a Fool as He Looks*.

The Charing Cross Theatre is undergoing extensive alterations, under the new lessee, Mr. Alexander Henderson, who will reopen that house, rechristened "The Folly Theatre," on Monday, September 16, with Miss Lydia Thompson and her company.

Don Quixote, the music by Mr. F. Clay, will be the next production at the Alhambra, when *Le Voyage dans la Lune* ceases to attract.

Miss Angelina Claude, whose mother we regret to say died a few days since, has seceded from the Strand Company. Her part in the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, is being played by Miss Lottie Venn.

Mr. Sothern is engaged to appear at the Fifth Avenue, New York, after Christmas.

Mr. Emmett after his tour in the Antipodes goes to California and New York.

It is reported that Mrs. Rousby intends giving dramatic readings in Jersey.

The Miss Ada Isaacs who is to play Mazeppa, is the lady who used to be a female clown.

We hear that Miss Litton is in treaty for a London theatre.

Mr. Creswick appears this (Saturday) evening, at the Standard as Hamlet.

Mrs. Chippendale will next season rejoin the Haymarket company.

We hear that a remarkably clever music-hall singer will shortly make her appearance at a West-end theatre in opéra-bouffe.

Hervé has been asked to write a piece for Miss Emily Soldene.

Miss Catherine Lewis, who was to have sailed for Melbourne on the 24th of last month, to fulfil an engagement as prima-donna assoluta at Lyster's Royal Opera House in that city, has, we regret to hear, been delayed by illness. She is a gifted and charming singer, whom we are sure our Australasian cousins will appreciate as she deserves.

Mr. George Honey has been playing to crowded houses at Scarborough. It is rumoured that Mrs. John Wood has secured him for her season to play in comedy, with herself. Two such comedians will surely be a brilliant combination.

A new drama in three acts, entitled "A Fight for Life," by Messrs. H. Savile Clarke, and Du Terreau, was produced at Bradford Theatre Royal, on Saturday night last. The piece owes some of its situations and characters to Mr. Moy Thomas's novel of the same name, but is in other respects entirely original, the plot having been completely changed. The drama concerns itself with the adventures of a young fellow of good family, who has enlisted as a private in the army, and been driven out of it by persecution. He is recaptured and branded, but escapes again, and has a very hard fight for life, for honour, and for peace afterwards. Continually, when he is rising again, the fear of discovery haunts him, and in the end worn out with the struggle, he is going to commit suicide. He is moreover appropriately saved by the heroine, who has bravely clung to him through all his vicissitudes of fortune, and the play ends in orthodox fashion. Mr. Lin Wayne played the hero admirably, and we have seldom seen him in a part which suited him so well. He worked up the situations most artistically, and was warmly applauded. Miss Phillis Glover was the heroine, and played skilfully and gracefully. Miss Kate Manor as a worldly lady of fashion was excellent, and Miss Eva Ross-Church played a small part very acceptably. Mr. Denison gave a capital character sketch of a pompous old colonel, and Mr. Langford was successful in the low comedy character of the piece. Messrs. Durham, Grafton, Chaloner and Salway also acted carefully and well, and in fact the representation reflected the greatest credit on all concerned in it. The piece was very well received, the actors being repeatedly recalled amid loud applause, while there were many manifestations of approval of the piece at the conclusion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

THE WAGNER MEDAL.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—I have seen in your estimable paper of the 26th August an account of a medal which I have just engraved for the festival at Bayreuth, and which you have considered worthy of reproducing by an engraving. In the text you say that it is made by a German artist. As I wish to preserve my Belgian nationality, I should feel infinitely obliged if you would rectify this error in your next number.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES WIENER.

29, Rue de Spa, Brussels, August 29th, 1876.

"THE MISERIES OF AN EDITOR."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Will you or any of your readers kindly furnish me with the words, or inform me where I can obtain them, of a song entitled, I think, "The Miseries of an Editor," and sung to the tune of "The Good St. Anthony." A reply in your columns to "St. Enoch" will much oblige, yours obediently,

Glasgow, August 29. J. G. E.

A QUERY.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Can you tell me where I can obtain a poem on the St. Leger, by Sir F. H. Doyle, some lines of which run as follows:—

Now fifthly by gusts is heard,
He's fifth—he's sixth—he's fourth—he's third;
And on like an arrowy meteor flame,
The stride of the Derby winner came.

Yours, &c.,

SAUNTERER.

August 30, 1876.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT has graciously consented to become Honorary President of the Musselburgh Golf Club.

DONCASTER HORSE SALES.—We see by an advertisement in our sale column that Mr. Walker, the well-known Yorkshire equine auctioneer, will include in his catalogue at Doncaster during the race week, the celebrated mares Clara, Princess Theresa, and Gratinska, among other well-known celebrities.

ON Monday, the Loyal United Friends' fête will take place at the Alexandra Palace. On Friday and Saturday, Captain Ahlstrom's marvellous fire experiments will be repeated. On Saturday, also, the autumn pony, polo, flat, and hurdle races will be run.

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals. Sold in Tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul's-churchyard, London; and all Chemists.—[Advrt.]

OUR PICTURES AND SKETCHES.

"PROFESSIONAL" ADVERTISEMENTS

Tell their own stories. Mr. Dower Wilson has simply cut a few words here and there from a page or two of theatrical and music-hall advertisements, and illustrated them with his own pretty and amusing fancies.

"RECRUITING" AT BRIGHTON.

Just now many a cozy home in Town is abandoned, and "Recruiting" is the cry. Not only at Brighton, but all along the coast, goes on this task of "Recruiting" for the increase of the forces which guard us in safety from many a terrible foe, and sustain us through the struggles of many a siege when tedious sickness shuts us in, and the grave doctor ominously shakes his solemn head. May the darlings shown in our sketch grow in strength and beauty under the combined advantages of sea-air and good exercise, to march away to conquests yet to come when the London season has again commenced, and their captives follow humbly in their wake.

MISS LITTON.

THIS refined and intelligent actress began her professional career (if we remember rightly) at the Princess's Theatre, where she played in Dion Boucicault's *Presumptive Evidence*, when that piece was first produced. She then made a decidedly favourable impression upon the public. Her next appearance was at the Surrey, where she played in *Kathleen Mavourneen*, Mr. J. Cave playing Terence O'Moore. Eventually she entered into management at the Royal Court Theatre, a house which she made one of the most popular in London. It is needless to enumerate the many parts which here she played, each successive performance displaying increased power and finish. One fact in regard to Miss Litton's management must be recorded to her lasting credit. She showed more pluck in producing new pieces than any other manager or manageress among her contemporaries. New piece after new piece she placed before the public, regardless of expense, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert especially obtained in her theatre some of his brightest successes. In her short season at the St. James's last year she produced *Tom Cobb* by that author, playing the part of the romantic young lady herself, and playing it with an artistic force which gained her universal praise. There she also produced Arthur Sullivan's comic cantata *The Zoo*. If it be true, as we have somewhere seen it stated, that she means again to enter into management, it is safe to expect from her all that energy and enterprise, guided by good taste, can accomplish in effecting satisfactory theatrical results.

"HENLEY REGATTA, 1878."

THE old friends—and their name is legion—of the artist whose latest efforts under the above title will be found on another page, will regret to hear that he has become a medium. Wandering about in search of a studio, in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, he chanced upon the Spiritualistic Institution, and was thereupon taken captive by the pictures in Mr. Burns's window. Likewise by the books. Also by the Planchettes. Every penny he possessed in the world he laid out in indiscriminate purchases of art, literature, and eccentric timber. He read himself into the belief that he was a medium. He attended Mrs. Bullock's séances. He assisted at Dr. Monck's acrobatic performances. He subscribed to the *Medium*, and in the fulness of time became one himself. We regret to say that we did not discover his abnormal condition until it was too late. The drawing of "Henley Regatta, 1878," was engraved and on the press before we were made acquainted with the awful fact that our artist had not been to Teddington at all. His answers to our reproaches have been throughout distinguished by the coolness, not to say hauteur, which is the Medium's chief characteristic. He writes—from Wargrave—dismissing us, unless we can make up our minds to accept the trance drawings that he is enabled to make with the aid of his "controls." "I am," he says, "no longer a free agent. Michael Angelo, and Tintoretto, and Hogarth now guide my hand. I draw what they bid me. The sketches I have forwarded represent incidents that will take place at Henley in the year 1878. The signboard is formed of a picture by Solomon Hart, R.A. It will be go in the shade when I reach the scene of my aquatic perils. You will send me the telegram (a copy of which is seen in the sketch), and I shall pass through innumerable dangers, including a disappearance into the translucent depths of the Thames, pursued by flocks of infuriate swans; I shall be rescued by sirens, and at length reach Henley in time to punch the head of the artist who has preceded me by train, and appropriated the only place available for making a successful drawing. Now sir, you—"

But enough of this; we never were clever at conundrums, and therefore give it up. We shrewdly suspect, however, that our artist has been in trouble. Having escaped (with difficulty) from the clutches of the police, he has altered a figure in a drawing that should have been delivered weeks ago, and so imposed upon us. But it is for the last time. X.

UNUSUAL PLAYMATES.

THERE are many instances on record resembling that which we this week depict pictorially in a sketch from the gardens of the Zoological Society. For instance in 1819 Captain Brown, author of "Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom," states that he saw, in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, a tigress with a little dog in her den, which she treated with the greatest fondness. The mode in which the animals in that menagerie were fed and cleaned, to insure security, was always to leave alternately the den at one end of the row empty, the whole suit having a communication with each other by a door between every cell. "The keepers" says Captain B. "after cleaning this empty apartment place in it the animals' proportion of food, and then draw open the door, when the beast enters, and the door is shut. This tigress always allowed the little dog to precede her, and to choose his share of the meat, and make his meal before she touched it. If any person offered to lay hands on the dog, she growled in the most fearful manner. At one time the dog was taken from her, and allowed to go at liberty, when she became so melancholy for its loss that she refused to eat. They were therefore obliged to return her little favourite to confinement. Not long since a similar curious illustration of animal character was displayed in Dublin. Many of our readers may remember the little smooth-coated terrier which fraternised with wild beasts at the old Surrey Zoological Gardens, and a few may be able to call to mind a dog which was on the same friendly and intimate terms with a lion in Wombwell's old show.

The dog which figures in Mr. Moore's sketch from the Regent's Park Zoological collection appears to be quite at home with his strange playmates. The gambols of the tiger cubs and their unusual playfellow and companion are remarkably interesting. Just now the dog is supreme, but that he holds his supremacy on sufferance is frequently made apparent by the way the young tigers put forth their "pads" when he is too rough in his attentions. As the cubs grow with great rapidity we advise those who have not seen this interesting example of unusual companionship to lose no time in visiting the gardens. One of these days early Mr. Bartlett may find it necessary to withdraw the dog from his friends, or they may make a meal of him. As it is, the greatest care is used to keep them separate at feeding times. The cubs, we may add, are upwards of three months' old. The dog is a rough kind of bull-terrier.

MUSIC-HALL PERFORMERS.

THE music-hall performers of to-day differ but little from those who performed in the rude old music houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when entertainments precisely similar in character to those now in vogue were attractive, and were neither worse nor lower, higher nor better, than their far more pretentious modern successors. But the "halls," in their extent, number, and pretensions, are very unlike the "houses," which were usually associated with gardens, and bore reputations even less clean or wholesome than the former do. Sawdust and wooden seats, with no glitter of gilding and glass, or glow of gorgeous colours, were seen in the "houses;" whereas, the "halls" are resplendent with costly decorations of the most elaborate description, the seats are luxuriously cushioned, and tables of polished mahogany are provided. A flood of gaslight has taken the place of little groups of glimmering candles, and the difference between the theatre and the music hall has grown gradually smaller. Many years ago, music halls were far more humble in their aspirations, and the Lord Chamberlain had no control over those especially devoted to the comic song, the nigger, the jig, and the performing dogs; but, as time wore on, the public became more exacting in their tastes, and a more brilliant play had to be substituted for the simpler recreation of our grandfathers, and, insensibly, the theatres were encroached upon, the pantomimes were introduced, the acrobats, the ballets, the fairies; in short, the main features of the ordinary theatrical performances.

Most prominent in the music hall is the chairman. To know that chairman is the ambition of many a vacant-headed young fellow from the counting-house and counter. And the great being is approachable—on certain inexpensive conditions—even to the humblest of his admirers. In the centre of our page of sketches figures one who long wielded the chairman's hammer at a West-end music hall, where he is now never again to be seen. He will be readily recognised by those who have once heard his bold voice announcing the name of singer, acrobat, dancer, conjuror, or other performer. We need not, however, dwell upon the subject, each of the figures we depict is a sketch from the life, drawn to the life, and will be promptly recognised. There is the lady who displays her figure in the "walk round," the nigger whose greatness resides in his shoes, the comic singer, or "comique," whose strength is like Samson's, in his hair, which a string, pulled under his coat-tails, causes to stand erect like "quills upon," etc. The performing dogs are there—the stout lady who sings sentimental and operatic music—the clown, whose feats on the accordeons have so long been popular—the "swell" of the music hall platform—the eternal acrobat performers; and those whose feats on the trapeze produce the long-drawn "Oh's" of the lady frequenters, amidst frantic applause from stronger and coarser minded males.

THE NEW PIECES AT THE GAIETY.

It is questionable whether there was a single person present at the Gaiety, on Saturday night, when the house was crowded in every part, that did not hope to be able to assist at a Byron success equal to that which has kept the doors of the Vaudeville open for so many months past. "A farcical comedy," and a burlesque of the good old-fashioned type—the author enacting a part in the former, and Terry, the inimitable, at home in the latter. Could bill look more promising? A capital farce, called *Sold Again*, stated to be of French origin, put the audience in the best of humour. Mr. Soutar, no matter what source he is indebted for the notion of the piece, never appeared to better advantage as a dramatic author, while Mr. Maclean's impersonation of a deaf old gentleman, held captive by an idea, was irresistibly funny. *Sold Again* will henceforward be reckoned amongst stock-farces of the better class. *The Bull by the Horns*, a farcical comedy in three acts, will not add to Mr. Byron's reputation. We are by this time pretty well used to his tricks of style. To those cheap antitheses and cheaper exercises in alliteration; to his free use of incongruous adjectives and his comic proverbial philosophy. We know, for example, when he makes one character bid another take the bull by the horns, that other is sure to rush to the opposite verbal extreme, and question the first speaker's ability to take a cow by the tail. And could there be a more natural foil to "a chop abroad," than "a devil at home,"—said devil being, in such case appropriately provided, an uncomfortable wife. Far be it from us to object to alliteration's artful aid, but after a while one gets tired of "Brown of Birmingham," and "Jones of Jersey," of phrases like "a surfeit of salmon," and so forth, because we know from past experience that the author is capable of far better things. We test Mr. Byron's latest work by means of a standard of his own supplying, and regret to say that it is wanting in all the elements which aforesaid have caused audiences to laugh and applaud until they had scarcely breath enough left to articulate their delight. Two hen-pecked husbands, played by Messrs. Soutar and Royce, incited thereto by their bachelor friend (Mr. Byron), determine to break bonds and assert their dominion in chambers. They are pursued by their wives (Mrs. Leigh and Miss E. Faren) upon whom the tables are unwittingly turned by a sentimental waiter and a wonderful Irishman—the one successful character of the piece—who in the two ladies recognise old friends. How in the last act—if the sections of the piece can be termed acts—the manipulator (Mr. Byron) turns this circumstance to account as a means of restoring tranquility to the respective households, and bestowing independence on the persecuted husbands, need not be told. Inasmuch as none of Mr. Byron's productions are dull, this last one may be sat through without experiencing much dullness, but it is none the less the poorest piece that has yet emanated from the generally brilliant pen of the author. Mr. Maclean's representation of The O'Tarragon is richly humorous. Mr. Soutar and Mr. Royce—especially the former—do wonders with their shadowy parts, and the ladies are amusing. As the essay of a young writer of farce, *The Bull by the Horns* would have been interesting; as the effort of an experienced and gifted dramatist like Mr. Byron, it is disappointingly inadequate. We have, however, nothing but praise for the burlesque of *Little Don Caesar*, wherein Mr. Byron has decidedly scored. We never saw Mr. Terry in happier vein, or, for that matter, Miss E. Faren, whose song, "I'll strike you with a feather," was repeatedly encored. Mr. Terry's reception was most enthusiastic. Both Miss Kate Vaughan and Mr. Royce—a great acquisition—help largely to make the burlesque, which is brilliantly mounted, a success.

A HOME RULE ROW IN DUBLIN.

THE recent convention of delegates from England, Ireland, and Scotland, associated with the movement for restoring self-government to Ireland, met on the 23rd of August, in Dublin, and, after the business meeting, assembled at a banquet at the Antient Concert Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Isaac Butt, who made the opening speech of the evening in proposing as a first toast, "The Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland," which was drunk with enthusiasm, as was also the next toast proposed by Mr. Butt, namely, "Prosperity to Ireland." To this toast, the High Sheriff of Limerick responded. The third toast proposed by the chairman was "The Cause of Home Rule," with which he said, "No living name was worthy of being associated." The speech of the evening was that made by Mr. Michael Henry, M.P., and it was listened to with the thoughtful respect it de-

served. This was followed by another toast proposed by fiery Mr. Butt, and then came the "row," an account of which we extract from the *Irish Times* :—

A note had been sent to the chairman by Mr. M'Alister, secretary of the Irish Home Rule League, acquainting him of the fact that a detective officer was in the room, watching the proceedings. Sitting on one of the side seats, near the platform, was observed a man dressed in ordinary outdoor garb, carrying a stick or umbrella, and his hat in his hand. He was soon recognised as a member of the Dublin detective police force, and, as cries of "Detective!" were raised, and demonstrations of an unpleasant character were made, the individual in question made his way to the door under the platform on the chairman's left, with the view of making his exit. He was, however, stopped by one of the officials of the Irish Home Rule League, and prevented from leaving the hall. At the same time, some of those attending the dinner—the excitement now having risen to a high pitch—escorted the supposed-to-be detective, not too gently, to a position in close proximity to the chairman. There were loud cries of "Put him out!" "Detective!" and general confusion, which the chairman for some time vainly endeavoured to quell, appealing to those present to leave the assertion of their dignity in his hands, as he was sure he would be able to resent any attempt at an outrage on their rights. This appeal elicited loud cheers, and, after a few moments' comparative silence, quiet was restored. Meanwhile, the detective, whose face had got somewhat paler than when first noticed, and who was tightly held by several people, assumed an air that had something like defiance in it.

When silence had been to some extent restored, The Chairman addressing the detective, said—Who are you, sir? (Confusion.) Had you a ticket to admit you to this hall? Detective—I was not asked for one.

Where do you come from? (Renewed disorder, and a voice—"From the Castle.")

The Chairman receiving no answer, again inquired—Where do you come from?

Detective—Dublin.

Chairman—Who sent you here?

Detective—I don't know.

Chairman (excitedly)—Who brought you here? What is your name? (No answer, confusion and hisses.)

A Voice—For God's sake all of you keep quiet.

The Chairman (the excitement now being intense)—You must all keep quiet. (Again turning to the detective)—What brought you here? I will give you into custody of the police if you do not tell me who you are.

The detective was understood to say that he saw no reason for giving his name.

What is your address?

Exchange Court.

Is that near the Castle?

It is. (Uproar.)

Are you a detective, sir?

I am.

Then, sir, go out of this room immediately. (Loud cheering.)

The detective was then forcibly ejected, and just as he disappeared through the door by which he had originally attempted to leave, more than one wine glass was thrown, evidently at him, and were smashed against the wall in close proximity to the door in question.

The Chairman, as soon as the excitement had somewhat abated, said—I tell you this, gentlemen, that before to-morrow's sunset I will know from the Lord-Lieutenant how dare he send a detective into this room—(loud cheers, during which the audience rose en masse and waved handkerchiefs and table napkins)—and I say that as one of Her Majesty's counsel. (Renewed cheering.) And I say, as one of Her Majesty's counsel, and in the name of the Sovereign that made me one of her counsel, that a more daring outrage has never been committed upon a body of Irish gentlemen. (Loud cheers.) And I will know from my Sovereign, through the House of Commons and the Lord-Lieutenant, by whose authority any man dared to insult our meeting. (Loud cheers and some uproar, during which several persons rose to speak.)

The Chairman—I will hear none. (Cheers, and cries of "chair.")

Mr. M'Alister (secretary of the Irish Home Rule League)—I have made inquiries, and I understand there are two more detectives outside. (Loud cheers and hisses.)

The Chairman—Outside they may stay. (Cheers and laughter.) They have a right to stay outside, and if they have a warrant they may arrest me when I leave this room. We will resent what dare not be done in an assembly of English gentlemen. We will not have this meeting disturbed more than some vagabonds—some ruffians have disturbed it already. (Cheers.) I care not who they are, or if they came from the Castle or elsewhere. I say they are ruffians. (Loud cheers.) I have vindicated the rights of Irish gentlemen in their own room. I have ordered the man out of the room, and now let us have no more of this. (Cheers.) Leave it to me to vindicate the outraged rights of Irish gentlemen, and believe me I will do it. (Loud cheers.)

Major O'Gorman, M.P., said he should in compliance with the request of the Chairman, sing a song, and more particularly in defiance of the Irish Government. He hoped the Home Rule members of Parliament would not forget the outrage that had been committed on them that night. (Applause.) (The Major then sang, amid loud applause "Our Own Little Island.")

Some other toasts having been given and responded to, the proceedings terminated. The unfortunate detective whose presence created the commotion, was it appears after all merely the friend of a waiter who had invited him in to hear the speeches.

THE prospects of sportsmen in the partridge shooting season, have seldom been more encouraging in all the districts of Perthshire. The reports, however, from Strathallan, Glenalmond, and other upland localities show that harvest will not be general for at least two weeks, and, consequently though the coveys are numerous, shooting for some time must be confined to the turnip fields and hill sides. In Surrey and Kent partridges are very plentiful and strong, and covers of from 14 to 18 are well flushed. In Hants partridges are beyond the usual average, and have afforded opportunity of making some heavy bags, and in Essex the partridge manors are well stocked, and a few quail have located and bred this season in this county. The royal demesne at Sandringham swarms with ground and winged game. The Prince of Wales did not shoot the coverts at Sandringham last season, and "long-tails" are plentiful, but the royal estate will not be shot over until after October. The famous preserves of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh at Elvedon Hall, Thetford, in Norfolk, will well sustain their prestige for game. In Richmond Park, over which the Duke of Cambridge, as High Ranger, claims the right to shoot, a large stock of pheasants have been hand-reared this season. An unusual number of redlegs (French partridges) are distributed over the home counties this season. Hares and rabbits are up to a fair average, and since conies have realised 12s. to 15s. per dozen the farmers have ceased to grumble at the irrepressible rabbit, and have sold the right to kill rabbits at good prices this season. Partridges are in general very abundant, and good shots and skillful sportsmen may realise heavy bags of game on the opening day of the season.



RECRUITING AT BRIGHTON.

Jno. Sturges.



THE NEASHAM HALL YEARLINGS.

THERE is no "vacation ramble" which we undertake on behalf of the readers of this journal, more eagerly anticipated, and less disappointing in its reality, than our annual pilgrimage from the heart of Yorkshire ever the county border into Durham. Mr. Cookson claims seniority among English breeders, and ever since he took the matter in hand, has carried it through with the most successful and profitable results, seeming to possess in a remarkable degree the rare gift of foresight in estimating a horse's capabilities, and the determination to leave no stone unturned to insure success. In breeding lore few can approach, and none can surpass him; but although he justly lays great stress upon the theoretical part of his hobby, sound practical judgment is not wanting to supplement the "inexorable logic of facts" enshrined in the pages of the Stud Book. Most breeders incline too much one way or the other; one party arranging the various crosses and intermarriages "on paper," leaving chance to work out the rest of the problem; while the other division, setting on one side the teachings of the past, and rejecting ancient experiences, sets about the task of correcting faults in conformation in mares, by administering correctives and antidotes in the shape of differently fashioned sires. Mr. Cookson has had failures, of course, but in comparison with the mistakes made by others, they have been few and far between, and the advent of the Neasham lot into the sale ring at Doncaster operates upon purchasers like the appearance of some well-known actor among playgoers. There is sure to be something worth looking at among Sedgwick's young charges, and as trainers say, "they all run," a great recommendation in these days, when so much rubbish is foisted upon the market, and when buyers seem all anxiety to make their purchases by the pound. All is fair and straightforward, too, about the sale, and we do not find obliging friends buying in certain lots, or running them up to starvation prices to "draw on" some flat into sensational bidding. Such things have been, and in quarters seemingly above suspicion; but "once bit, twice wary," is the motto of the public, and these over clever ones do not take much by their motion, when once the confidence trick has been blown upon and exposed.

As the gate of his palisaded enclosure swings on its hinges, and at the sound of a well-known voice, The Palmer comes up at a swinging trot from his midday meditations under the tall Hawthorn hedge, and welcomes intruders upon his grassy solitude with a cheery neigh. This practice of turning out thoroughbred sires after their spring labours of love are concluded, obtains nowhere, so far as we are aware, but at Neasham, but the arguments in support of the practice are so convincing, that we are surprised at other owners of blood stock having failed to take the hint long ago. The two fatal "Fs," fat and fever, or a combination of them, destroy the great majority of our stallions, often at a very early period of life, and these can only be repressed by constant opportunities for exercise, voluntary rather than enforced; while even a mouthful or two of fresh grass, the natural food of horses, acts favourably on his interior, and a constant supply of fresh air effectually counteracts all evils arising from stuffy stables. If we recollect aright, our first lesson-book in Latin versification commences with the well-known line:—

Liber et exultans latis equus ardet in arvis,

and we think this not an inappropriate motto to be inscribed on every stallion box in the kingdom. Lack of space is, of course, the grand objection, and there can be no manner of doubt that, even at our most famous breeding centres, stock, both young and old, are far too thick upon the ground for health and exercise. But a stallion paddock need not exceed four acres, and into this, or into as many as are necessary for the requirements of the stallions kept, the lords of the harem should be enlarged for at least half a day each, a fashion which would actually result in economy of labour, for the daily walk out might be dispensed with, and the time of attendants employed more profitably. We have only time merely to allude to the subject in this place, but we shall recur to it ere long, and in the meantime we commend this practice to stud masters. All that is required is that the fences should be sufficient, and that mischievous propensities should find as little scope for their indulgence as possible.

The Palmer's subscription was no sooner opened than filled last season at a fee of twenty-five guineas, and we have no manner of doubt that owners of mares will come forward with the same alacrity next spring, whatever the horse's "figure" may be. He looked gloriously free and happy on the occasion of our visit, and far more comfortable and natural than in his Sunday best in his box, racked primly up to the manger, and with the tail and mane made beautiful for ever by some equine Truefitt. His dapple-bay coat handled hard and healthy, without that layer of "adipose tissue" in which most stud grooms delight; and with his sound, clean limbs he made light of the hard ground, trotting, cantering and galloping, and finally lashing out with a vigour that told of a mind devoid of care, and a body free from humour. He is a far better horse to meet than his brother Rosicrucian, with a deeper girth, and a trifling advantage in height. He also seems to get his stock with more size and length than "Rosi," a very important consideration, when the public taste for "great, upstanding horses," is taken into account. At twelve hundred guineas he must be considered a remarkably cheap horse, and he bids fair to make up to Mr. Cookson his losses by The Earl, so "fair to see," but so unreliable as a foal-getter. Would that we had space to run through even the names and titles of the mares and foals picking up their afternoon meal of sweet clover in the paddock down the lane, but a sister to Forerunner, turning her blaze face towards intruders will long dwell in our memory; and a brown Palmer colt, from Pestilence, and bay brother to Palm Flower, are duly noted down as the pick of the Cookson catalogue for 1877. The "barreners" held a levee by themselves, their ranks of bay, and brown, and chestnut, relieved by the flea-bitten grey Eller, as clean and sound on her legs as on the day she was foaled, and worthy to be the mother of Formosa. There is plenty of young blood to step into her shoes when she finds a fresh home after Doncaster; and Beadsman and King Tom have furnished the latest additions to the circle of Neasham matrons.

But Minna's daughter comes tripping out of her box in the high-built homestead, bearing The Palmer's "mint-mark" in her blaze-face, and with those unmistakable quarters and thighs which distinguished the illustrious Beadsman family. She combines the Buccaneer blood with that of the old Sheet Anchor line, and her fate should surely be cast in some "small and early" party, where precocity is served, and where those who hesitate for a moment at the post, are lost.

"A capital back and loins, and good to follow" were our first impressions of Lady Louisa's Miner filly, though she has not the length of two daughters of The Palmer which "sandwich" her. She moves truly and well, besides, and is free from the defects which too often distinguish her sire's stock—lumber and lack of quality.

A chestnut sister to Pellegrino failed to impress us so favourably as her brother of last year, but she keeps "growing to the eye," and one by one her good points show prominently forth. We may describe them as comprising a good back and loins, capital quarters and hocks, with shoulders and girth to correspond, and a general blood-like stamp throughout. There is just a trace of Melbourne about her ears, and, without going so far as to say that she is likely to realise the price paid for Pellegrino last year, she is quite as racing-like, and stands in no danger of "hanging fire" for a moment in the sale-ring.

For the truest-shaped of "them a'" among the fillies, if not quite so large as the rest, commend us to the bay daughter of Pestilence, a mare who has hitherto held unlucky cards at Neasham, but whose luck may be reckoned to have turned at last. As the saying goes, she is "on her hind legs," all action and elasticity, and cast in that beautifully level mould, which, if it does not betoken great size, should be earnest of a long career of usefulness and merit.

Of quite as useful a stamp, but vastly different in her points, is Peradventure's first foal, by Knowsley, a chestnut filly, quite in the "Pocket Hercules" style at present, but with plenty to "grow to" whenever she takes it into her head to make a start. "Stockwell" is indelibly stamped on her, and literally from head to heels, for she shows the Roman profile of the emperor of stallions, a short Birdcatcher back, and hocks peculiar to the tribe. For quickness and cleanness nothing can touch her, and she looks like picking up her crumbs very early in life.

Now we are amongst the colts; and foremost comes a bay by The Palmer from Perea, one of the shapely, elegantly turned, compact sort which leviathan-hunters pass by, and clever trainers pick quietly up and put by for something at Lincoln or Liverpool, where success is sweetest because earliest. Perea is by Voltigeur out of Peri, blood that has told its tale of speed over and over again, now happily fused with stouter elements.

Brother to Forerunner—a dark bay with a blaze and three white feet. We had almost pulled up short here, feeling that nothing we could say would influence men's minds in one direction or the other, for an article of the first class commends itself at once, and it is useless heaping on praise where none is needed. Let him speak for himself in the ring at Doncaster, where we give him three minutes to have his fate decided, and venture on the prophecy, "put in at a thousand, and goes into Robert Peck's stable at double that sum."

Over the chestnut colt by Palmer from Stockhausen, who stepped jauntily forth from "Brigantine's box," we lingered some time, trying to make up our minds as to whether he should have our vote or not. There were the fine Palmer quarters, the top level and full of symmetry, and the shoulders "well and truly laid." Coming down a trifle lower, we halted and wavered in our opinion, and finally, by a very narrow majority, the "noes" had it, but the rejected may move for a new trial at Doncaster.

Clorinda is a mare of the late Sir G. Cholmley's breeding, by Orpheus, by Orlando out of Malibran, and therefore own brother to Marsyas. Somehow we could wish that—

The elements were kindlier mixed,

than in this union of the Weatherbit and Touchstone strains, and though his four white stockings make the colt appear more on leg than is really the case, there is something "uncanny" about him in our eyes. Better judges, however, think otherwise, and are vastly in love with the big chestnut, and there will be many waiting to catch Mr. Speaker's eye, when he follows Sedgwick into the ring on the morning after t'Leger.

Of the brother to Palm Flower, a chestnut with grey ticks, we have better things to report, and Mr. Gerard should be to the fore for him, to keep his beautiful sister company at Newmarket. Standing behind him he seems a model of width and power, with immense thighs, large clean hocks, well let down, and big bone. Looking over his back, he advances still further in our estimation, and the "lay" of shoulder is all that can be desired. Commend him to us for an uphill journey, when his enormous propelling power will tell with double effect, and our only fear is that the machinery behind may be too powerful for that in front.

Methglin's colt did not take our fancy in the least, as it is evident that, in this instance at least, the Stockwell cross through Caterer has not "nicked" with The Palmer's blood.

Out of Kettledrum's box came a white-legged bay by Knight of the Garter out of Brigantine's dam, Lady Macdonald, a fine upstanding colt, cast in his sire's mould, and though a big horse, totally devoid of lumber. An old-fashioned Melbourne head, with a deal of character about it, a light but well-formed neck, slightly arched, fine lengthy sloping shoulders, the shortest and strongest of backs, square muscular quarters, and a clean, wiry set of legs, ending in well-shaped feet—all these go to make up the *ensemble* of a yearling which, now that the young Knights have most of them shown running powers of no mean order, will have plenty of admirers at Doncaster. In addition to his good looks this colt shows great elasticity and freedom in all his movements, and promises to be quick and handy as a pony, with all his size and power.

The last on the list is the last of the Earls, out of Alarum by Alarm, a black with two white hind heels, and a broad blaze down his face, and lop ears. His forehead leaves nothing to be desired, and his fore-legs are well-shaped, hard-looking, and furnished with clear sinews. Taking him altogether he very much resembles his unfortunate sire, who is now endeavouring to improve his species in Russia, and will probably not re-visit this country.

Plenty of good hard food, and abundance of exercise over all sorts of ground, have rendered the Neasham yearlings all that can be desired in point of condition, and there is not a feeble person among their tribes.

A CURIOUS thing has been pointed out with reference to the Suez canal, in the following quotation:—

And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereth the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.

The quotation is from the last scene of the Second Part of *Tambrlane the Great* (better known to us as *Tambrlane*, or *Timour the Tartar*), and the author of the passage is Kit Marlowe, who died 1593.

THE *New York Sun* says, a large number of physicians recently went to Tony Pastor's Theatre lately to see the Mexican dwarf, Lucia Zarate. They measured her, and ascertained her height to be 21 inches, her feet three inches long, her legs below the knee four inches in circumference, and her hands an inch and a quarter broad. Her mother, who is robust and of a medium size, says that Lucia is twelve years old. Her face is older than that. Her features are Spanish, and her complexion dark. Her activity is incessant. She played pranks with the physicians and talked fast in Spanish. She stepped into a high silk hat, crouched down and was out of sight excepting her head. She squeezed one of her pliable little hands through a rather large finger ring. The hand of an adult made an ample seat for her. Standing on a chair, and holding to the back of it, her finger stuck through the spaces in the cane-work—holes that just admitted the passage of a small penholder. She was not weighed, but her weight is said to be 5 lb., and, poised in the hand, she does not seem heavier. Her clothing is comically small, as though intended for a doll, the shoes and stockings especially being toy-like. Tom Thumb has grown appreciably since he was exhibited by Barnum; but when he first astonished the public he was twice as large as Lucia, and he was then about her present age. She has not grown "any," her mother says, since she was a year old.

SUMMER DRINK.—REFRESHING.—Champagne Cyder, Lime Juice and Lemon Cordial. Important articles for health, and temperate. See pamphlet. Sold everywhere, and wholesale by Messrs. Henley and Son, Joiner-street, Tooley-street, London Bridge Railway Station, S.E.—[ADVT.]

THE CROFT YEARLINGS.

As Croft is only half-an-hour's drive from Neasham Hall, we readily accepted the cordial invitation extended to us by the representatives of the late Tom Winteringham, and were soon across the Tees, and rattling into the old-fashioned yard of the Spa Hotel, which has held so many celebrities of the stud in the old Merry days, when the great Scottish ironmaster had his breeding stud here under Winteringham's charge. There is ample box accommodation in the various yards, and in the winter as many as thirty and upwards of hunters occupy the long ranges of boxes, and the place bears a regular business aspect. Nine yearlings go up from Croft to Doncaster next week, and, to the best of our recollection, they are the finest which have ever hailed from the banks of the Tees.

A chestnut filly, by Speculum out of Demi-monde, is a neat, compact animal, rather on the small side, and sadly too fat; but she is well put together, and most of Spec's get can race a little, so that she is not likely to be returned unsold.

Another chestnut, by Mandrake from Happy Queen, is one of the best specimens we have yet seen of the Sheffield-lane sire's stock, though a late foal. She will be good to know by her flaxen mane and tail, and stands very square and true upon as clean a set of legs as could be desired. She is a good mover, and is blessed with plenty of substance.

Another very clever one is the black filly by Palmer from Edith of Lorne, built on a larger scale than the last, and full of quality from her head to her heels. She will fully recommend herself the moment she is seen, and, as all the Palmers run, there will be no lack of competition for this very excellent specimen of his get.

In the same category we may place another Palmer filly, a bay, from Letty Long, by Longbow, as level and true-made a filly as a good judge could wish to see, with capital limbs, and full of quality. She comes of running blood on both sides.

A brown colt, by The Miner out of Themis, is too short and heavy before to make anything out of the common, and he fails to get his hind legs under him as a racehorse should do; his hocks, too, stand away from him, and he already shows signs of wear, or jar, in his round fetlock joints.

A black colt by the Palmer out of Queen of Beauty is a nice horse all over, but just a trifle too long in the back for our taste, and is also to a certain extent tied below the knee. However, he stands over a lot of ground and shows a good deal of power in his quarters, which atones for a multitude of minor defects.

A bay colt by Stentor out of Lady Valentine is a bit of a commoner altogether, lacking length, and being cursed with a queer-looking pair of fore-legs and heavy shoulders. We fancy his line of business will be more in the direction of the pole or shafts than of the race-course.

Like all the Underhands and most of the Cure family, the bay colt out of Unfashionable Beauty is an elegantly turned, showy looking animal, but with more size than his sire's stock generally possess. He has no great bone or substance, but is a clever corky, handy horse, certain to land on his legs wherever he may be cast, and looks to be equally at home on the flat or between the flags.

Lady Dot, who has hitherto smiled upon Dundee and Scottish Chief, and has produced to them such horses as Perth, Maid of Perth, Sir William Wallace and others, visited the Palmer in 1874, and with very satisfactory results, for the bay colt has plenty of size about it, and is really a grand looking youngster, with great bone and substance and excellent quality. We doubt if a much better yearling will be shown at Doncaster, and as the old mare throws them all to race, there will be the more inducement for purchasers to keep the biddings going. We shall be much disappointed if this horse does not develop into something out of the common.

Time pressed, but we could not go away without seeing Underhand, that idol of the pitmen of canny Newcastle, and the old horse looks gay and fresh under his burden of years, and as if laminitis had no terrors for him. Few little ones with such flashy bearing and action have turned out genuine stayers, but there could be no doubt of it in "Unnyhand's" case, and lightly may the turf rest on his bones. Next season there is a prospect of better things at Croft, and a first class stallion is all that is required to induce owners of brood mares to avail themselves of some of the best accommodation in Yorkshire.

LORD FALMOUTH has had the misfortune to lose his valuable brood mare Siberia.

THE Windsor coach horses, twenty-eight in number, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday last.

THE death of the famous mare Twilight, by Mountain Deer out of Dawn of Day, who was bred in Ireland by Mr. R. Coffy in 1856, has been announced.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES will be a guest at Brantingham Thorpe, along with a large and influential party, during the Doncaster race week.

LORD ROSEBURY has altered his determination with regard to relinquishing the turf, and his horses in training will not, as was announced, be sold at Newmarket during the Cesarewitch week.

MILE. ROSA BONHEUR nearly met with a serious accident recently on leaving her villa. She was driving a young and restive horse, which started off and fell, oversetting the carriage and severely bruising the lady.

THE horses in training the property of the late Lord Lonsdale will be sold at Newmarket this autumn, and we hear that the breeding stud at Lowther Castle, Cumberland, will also be broken up before the end of the present season.

HENDON AUTUMN MEETING.—This meeting will take place at Kingsbury, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 19 and 20, under the Newmarket and Grand National Hunt Rules. Several stakes close on Tuesday, Sept. 5, to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or Messrs. Weatherby. See our advertisement columns for full particulars.

MR. HENDERSON, of the Criterion Theatre, has received the following telegram from Mr. S. Seaward, dated Celerina, Switzerland:—"Wyndham has fallen over glacier into crevasse. Severe internal injuries feared. Went unfortunately without guide." We are glad to hear that the injuries received by Mr. Charles Wyndham are not serious. He only sustained a violent shaking, from which it is hoped he will recover with a few days' rest.

THE traditions of the old smuggling town of Deal would, in some way, still seem to cling to it, in the love of the inhabitants to have things "on the cheap." Mrs. Stirling, for instance, was more patronised by her London lovers now enjoying the fresh air of the roadstead than by those "to the manner born" at Deal, and a company playing on the pier, under the management of Mr. J. D. Hunter, have the money of Londoners and the attention of Dealers, the latter of whom steal their amusement by peeping through the crevices. The other night we were greatly amused by seeing a clergyman take the "benefit of clergy," and plant himself near the stage, where he could hear and see all without the expenditure of a fee. The company playing here is a very efficient one, and Mr. J. D. Hunter has a gift far above many of his contemporaries in affording amusement. He is ably assisted by Miss Emma Saunders, Miss Bayley, Mr. Harry Bernard, and Mr. Henry Walters. The Pier Concert is a pleasant feature of the South-Eastern coast.

TURFIANA.

LORD ROSEBERY'S reconsideration of his turf retirement, ending in a withdrawal, not of his support to that "national institution," but of his orders to Messrs. Tattersall to dispose of his stud in October, is a pleasing reflection, and quite in accordance with his racing policy, which has ever tended in the direction of setting himself right with the public, at once. We cannot afford to lose young men of his calibre, and in these days when so many "sham captains" and retired costermongers are registering their colours, and being patted on the back as "popular owners" by certain among the sporting press, we require a vast deal more leaven to be cast into the lump, and this can only be supplied by such men as Lord Rosebery, who, so to speak, keep the scum from rising and covering the surface of the dangerous waters on which so many embark to their destruction. Besides, the sporting world has heard far too much of "sales without reserve" not to regard any dispersion of a stud with suspicion; the idea that such sales are generally promoted for the purposes of a "weed out" having gained ground, from certain notorious transactions, over which we would fain draw a veil. Lord Rosebery has been just one of that sort concerning which all predictions have been falsified, and who has lived down all the silly talk about his going the way of all young and inexperienced racing tyros. It was inferred from his somewhat sensational purchase of Ladas in his undergraduate days that he was to sustain the reputation (?) of the plunging brigade; but after being a little wild at starting, he has settled down quietly into his stride, and has shown himself perfectly capable of holding his own among the many "clever divisions" with which he has been brought in contact. He is a rare instance of one who has touched pitch and not been defiled, and those jealous of the repute of racing have come to look upon it as a representative sportsman, not of the old school, but still retaining some of their most desirable traditions. Luck has followed him during the past year in all his ventures, except the Derby and Oaks, and he has plenty of time before him to associate his name with the highest honours. We regard Lord Rosebery as a coming steward of the Jockey Club, and if there is any one "looming in the distance" in whom the racing world place the same confidence as they do in the "Admiral," he is surely the man, provided that a higher duty does not summon him to utilise his abilities in the service of the State.

Very few owners were content to perpetrate the "Bulgarian atrocity" of pulling out their horses at York, and the two latter days of the meeting held out no greater attraction than the first. It was rather cavalier behaviour, to say the least of it, on the part of Peck's stable to play fast and loose as they did with a confiding public, who believe that no evil can come out of Russley. The reason for Hampton's being left in so long it is difficult to conceive, and, win or lose, it could make very little difference to a horse who has been so fully exposed. Never did a more ragged field go to the post for an important handicap, and "class" was served, as it usually is, in such company, for Lilian had things pretty much her own way. No colt has gone on more improvingly since Epsom than Bruce, who has thickened and let down into quite a handsome horse, something after the style of his sire, but with better understandings. Blue Riband's hocks do not improve with time; but Helena is a useful, wiry sort, that will pay for following. The Filly Sapling was a great turn-up for Johnny Osborne and the dark blue and silver braid, who made very short work of Merrythought, a black Pero Gomez filly, without much "scope" about her. If Ryan had improved Sunray, a still greater advance was perceptible in Wood Anemone, who has thickened very much, and fairly wore down Spiegelschiff, who, report had it, was sore and stiff after her Stockton exertions. Thunder looked hard and well as ever, but it was deemed better policy to draw him from a fresh horse like Controversy, in the Cup, and so the usual amount of grumbling took place, and it is clear that the great race of the third day must fall through, unless there is some change in the conditions. The Great Yorkshire was tame, and left us in much the same state of happy ignorance as to the actual merits of Coltness as we were in before. The ancient Gimcrack had dwindled down to the level of a Streatham Juvenile Plate; but old Madge Wildfire got through the Harewood Plate at her third attempt, and she carries silk no more after this year. Scarborough was a mild edition of York, and Fanny Day's running with Titania must cheer the heart of Mr. Bell, and his young Carnivals will be popular enough at the 1876 sale.

A report reaches us that Mr. Blenkiron has received and rejected a highly munificent offer for his entire stud, preferring to have his sale carried out in the ordinary way. Every man is of course the best judge of his own affairs, and perhaps Mr. Blenkiron has chosen the better part in following the precedent which was so successful four years ago, at the dispersion of the original Middle Park Stud. We hear but little as yet on the subject of the International Stud Company, and nothing further whatever of that phantom undertaking, reported to have been floated by a gentleman at present "on Her Majesty's Service." The recent rains have enabled trainers to resume work in the bow-strings, and after recent shortcomings we may expect a bumper meeting at Doncaster, where the new St. Leger course will be viewed for the first time next year. Though we shall miss the pretty spectacle of the Leger field streaming up Rose Hill, capable of being covered with the proverbial "table cloth," the course will not lose length or general characteristics, and, as at York, spectators will obtain an uninterrupted view of the race all the way round. After the termination of racing in November it is to be presumed we shall have some report from the Committee of the Jockey Club selected to take into consideration the details of the new racing code, which should certainly be in our hands before the Lincoln saddling bell rings next March. The task of revision is not a light one, but a convention of practical men should make short work of their labours, if they will but take the business earnestly in hand. The question of actual and responsible ownership of horses is an important subject for their consideration, as we have recently heard of cases where defaulters have carried on the racing game in the name of others, and real ownership of horses ought not to be allowed to remain a mystery to those who compete openly and fairly against them. The abolition of assumed names would, we are convinced, sweep a deal of objectionable rubbish from an ephemeral connection with racing; but the idea is quite Utopian in these days, when mystification holds such resistless sway in the affairs of the Turf. It is an unsatisfactory state of things which creates the possibility of a man being in utter ignorance as to the name and position of persons with whom he may be dealing, and this Junius-like policy calls aloud for a speedy remedy.

Next week will see us assisting at Mr. Merry's meeting at Warwick, the programme of which, though very imposing upon paper, is rather of the wind-bag order, and apt to collapse when tested; indeed, the Leamington Stakes might be fairly doomed to have its records blotted out of the catalogue of important races to which students of "Ruff" are perpetually referring. Kisser up to the present has been wonderfully firm, and it is evident that business is meant with him; but it should be remembered that the colt was "built to order" for the give-and-take course at Epsom, whereas at Doncaster he will be galloping alongside horses

which the flat course will enable to settle down in their stride at once, and, though we do not for a moment anticipate his defeat by anything which he has hitherto met, such horses as Forerunner and Coltness may make a more respectable fight of it than they managed to do at Epsom. The Great Yorkshire Handicap should furnish a good field and plenty of betting, and surely, if there was anything in the large sum behind Hardrada for the Derby, he should repeat the *Geant des Batailles* triumph for Lord Zetland, unless St. Leger has really returned to his last year's form. The "unsubstantial Pageant" is, of course, backed, and will be, we suppose, to the end of time; but he is a most uncertain horse upon his best form, and his position in the Cesarewitch we have always regarded as a bit of a fluke. Messrs. Tattersall's yearling list for Doncaster is a plethoric one as usual, and the usual division of labour will have to be resorted to. Purchasers of blood stock may well exclaim, "Oh! that I had wings like Sir Boyle Roche's bird" and be nodding to both partners at once. Lord Lyon has not yet changed hands, as General Pearson will not sign his order of release under £5,000, which is o'ermuch even for a winner of the triple crown, at his age, and we shall not be surprised to hear of him again at his old quarters at Shepherd's Bush next season. There are some remarkably nice mares coming up to Doncaster from that place, covered by Lord Lyon, Joskin, Knight of St. Patrick, and other notables, and as everything moderately going and with the slightest recommendations on the score of blood or performances is eagerly snapped up, they have every prospect of finding a ready market at the northern rendezvous.

SKYLARK.

CLOSE OF THE COUNTY CRICKET SEASON.

WITH the finish of the Kent and Surrey match at Kennington Oval, on Saturday, the London cricket season may be said to have terminated; and, indeed, with the two matches at Sheffield and Clifton respectively, of which I shall treat further on, the county cricket season may be regarded as a thing of the past. It is true, there will be several contests of elevens against twenty-twos played in the neighbourhood of London, but, strictly speaking, the legitimate season has finally come to a close. The year of grace, 1876 (no pun intended), will long be remembered for the extraordinary scores made by "the champion," as his admirers persist in calling him, Mr. W. G. Grace having eclipsed all scores hitherto obtained in first class matches. I use the term first class advisedly, as his two innings against Kent at Canterbury, and in the Yorkshire return match completely put every other score made by any one individual—taking into consideration Mr. Ward's famous score—in the shade, not to say in the dark. As I shall in future numbers of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS review the various counties in detail, I need only here state that, perhaps, a more successful season than the past has never been known; and although the summer was unprecedentedly hot, and this after a winter of more than unusual length, the principal grounds in London have never "played" better. Lord's, thanks to the unwearied attention of the civil and obliging groundman of the Marylebone Club, Pearce, never looked better, and the excellence of the wickets there fully realised the opinions formed from its appearance. The Oval wickets, too, proverbially good, were quite equal to their high reputation, and the same may be said with regard to Prince's in a slightly modified sense; but with regard to the Belgravian resort, it must be borne in mind that the late Tom Box had many unforeseen difficulties to contend with. Alfred Shaw has fully maintained his reputation as the crack bowler of the day, and his fellow countryman, Morley, in the last matches he played for his county, Nottinghamshire, has fairly proved that his left hand has by no means lost its cunning. Hill on the other hand has hardly been so successful as in past seasons, but at times he and Emmett have proved very destructive. Jupp has batted in his usually steady and consistent manner for Surrey, and it is highly gratifying to note that Richard Humphrey at the very far end of the season gave very satisfactory evidence that his really brilliant batting had not entirely left him. For Surrey too, Pooley has been almost as clever as ever behind the wicket, while the two standing dishes of that county in bowling, Southerton and Street, have proved themselves "all there" with the ball. Without doubt Gloucester is champion county this year, as they have not lost a match, but which county has been most unfortunate I shall have an opportunity of stating in a future issue. Kent, with no headquarters, in spite of Lord Harris's hard work as captain, have not met with success adequate to his exertions. By-the-bye, I understand that his Lordship has been appointed to a diplomatic post; if this is the case a fresh captain will have to be selected. Sussex with persistent bad luck, or something else, have on more than one occasion been beaten, when otherwise they could not possibly have lost. But as I shall have more opportunity of criticising the counties, I shall now proceed to short details of the various county matches which have been played in the last week. In the first place, Surrey scored their second victory this season, on Saturday, by beating Kent with ten wickets to fall, a result mainly owing to the fine batting of Jupp, and R. Humphrey. Kent won the toss and went in first, but only scored 66, Jones obtaining six wickets in thirteen overs for ten runs. Against this Surrey amassed 268, Jupp playing another very careful not-out innings of 73, and R. Humphrey one of his old brilliant contributions of 71, Pooley a slashing 38, and Street 26. The form shown by Kent at their first attempt was too bad to be true, and in their second venture they compiled 258, Mr. V. K. Shaw obtaining the leger with 56, while Mr. Foord-Kelcey, Mr. Yardley, Lord Harris, and Mr. Absolom all helped to swell the total. Surrey required 57 to win, a task easily accomplished by Jupp and Humphrey. Gloucestershire and Sussex played "a draw" on Saturday, at Clifton, owing to rain. The home county made 342 and 172 for five wickets, against 281 for Sussex. There was some heavy scoring in the match, Mr. W. G. Grace making 78 and 7, Mr. E. M. Grace 8 and 63, Mr. Gilbert 12 and 43, Mr. G. F. Grace 15 and 41, and Mr. Filgate 93 and 2 (not out) for Gloucestershire; while Mr. Greenfield put together 126, and Mr. J. M. Cotterill 70, for Sussex. Another draw was played by Gloucestershire against Surrey on the first three days of this week, the western county making 158 against 119 and 78 for four wickets. Nobody did much, the ground, which was very heavy and dead, effectively preventing any large scores. Nottinghamshire defeated Yorkshire at Sheffield on the same days by eight wickets, the totals on either side being absurdly small, viz., 87 and 32 for Yorkshire against 46 and 76 for two wickets. In the first three innings only three double figures were made, Ulyett being credited with 34 and 11 and Daft with 16. Morley's bowling was very fine, thirteen wickets falling to his share.

Full details of the Philadelphia regatta have not yet come to hand, but from telegrams or cablegrams, which ever may be the proper term, I learn that the London Rowing Club, which, by-the-bye, is not a L.R.C. crew, but an amalgamated one, were beaten by the Beaverwyke crew in the champion amateur four-oared race in the final heat. A long letter appears in a daily sporting contemporary from Mr. Punch, the backer of Trickett, the Australian sculler, in which he complains bitterly of the manner in which he and his party have been treated by the Tyne division, the backers of Lumsden. As the matter will, in all probability, be thoroughly ventilated in a court of law, I shall content myself

by leaving the subject and its unsportsmanlike surroundings until a future occasion.

One athletic meeting alone has taken place during the past week in the metropolitan district, and that deserves more than special notice from me, for divers reasons. Principal amongst these stands the fact that it is a tradesmen's meeting, being one which, under the title of "The Bow Churchyard Sports," is promoted by the employés of Messrs. Copestake, Moore, and Co., and therefore it stands without the pale of recognised reunions, if I cared to think with the same mind as the now leading clubs; but, for all this, the London Athletic Club were represented, and it will now go down to posterity that, whilst they "bar" tradesmen themselves, their members are not too exclusive to recognise the societies to the extent of trying to take their prizes. More than once, "Exon" has drawn attention to these facts, and he sincerely hopes that the day is dawning when the mean and paltry behaviour of past exclusives will be recorded as a thing of past days. "To return to our muttons," however, as the French have it, the meeting of the Bow Churchyard, last Saturday, was a great success, and the programme, a lengthy one, was admirably got through, although the arrangement of the open races was scarcely what it might have been, the final of the quarter being only just before the one mile, and more than one person had entered for both, so that if he had been left in the quarter, and was beaten, all chance in the mile would be lost. In the members' events, Fabin was best in throwing at the wicket; Cherrington took the high jump, at 4ft. 9in.; Connorton, with 100 yards, secured the mile handicap; Harrington, 20 yards' start, the 220 yards handicap; W. Pitt, 10 yards, the married men's 100; Harrington, 9 yards, the club 100 yards; and Neilson, the consolation. The strangers' handicaps were not so satisfactorily handicapped as might have been desired—Banks, of the South London Harriers, was thrown in for the mile, which he won in a canter, being indulged with 110 yards' start; whilst Duck, with 30 yards' start, had no difficulty in securing the quarter. In the sprint, the members of the house had decidedly the better of it, Hodges winning, and Harrison being second, with Elliott third, they having respectively, 4 yards, 11 yards, and 4 yards. J. Lawson secured the open wrestling; and, although the executive were most efficient, and the arrangements fairly good, the fourth estate in their entirety did not meet with the courtesy they generally receive, one organ's representative receiving far from gentlemanly reception. At Wigan on the same date some good sport was shown, G. H. Blaxter, Derby A.C., being in rare form, taking both sprints. At the Dublin Sports some of the best second-rate Englishmen put in an appearance and did very well, the Dubliners being likely to remember last Saturday for some time as there were several upsets. Warren of Northampton, who has been looked upon for some time as likely to do a good thing, won the open hundred, beating the local crack Cronhelm, but was beaten in the handicap over the same distance, and also in the 22 yards level race, in which Cronhelm turned the tables, winning by half a yard. Rawson of Christ Church, Oxford, took the hurdles and throwing the cricket ball, and F. W. Todd secured the half-mile race and quarter, so that the Saxons did well. O'Leary, I hear, means to come over and give us "Britishers" a taste of his quality, and is stated to have done 500 miles recently, starting at 12h. 3m. on the first day, and accomplishing his task with 23m. 35s. to spare, but whether the record is to be accepted or not I cannot say, but shall wait to see what he can do with our cracks.

Next Saturday we are to have a bicycle championship at fifty miles, between Stanton and Thuillet, so one contemporary says; but another contradicts it, and states that it is only an ordinary match for £50 a side. I don't know who will win, but leave my followers to choose which they please, bicycle matches being so very uncertain to judge by what has gone before.

Last Saturday, whilst "up-river," I saw considerable excitement at Putney, and discovered that a race was being decided, viz., that for the captaincy of the Dreadnought Club, and eventually, after a contest I much enjoyed, I was told H. Hoare, one of our most respected and respectful professors, formerly tutor at Harrow School, had proved successful. "Captain" Hoare, "Exon" congratulates you. A person, who shall be nameless, is trying all he knows to get a paper notoriety in swimming circles, and is great in cup giving, &c., but although E. T. Jones cannot get half the "gate" to swim in a bath "for a championship," and, therefore won't compete, no doubt the public will consent to be gulled. Would my readers be "surprised to hear" that young Beckwith is Exon's tip, no matter "what's on," as I don't think Parker will either give or take the championship of London on that occasion. Why should these two ape or be given this title unless they fairly win it, and wherefore should a cup be offered on condition that both these men compete; if either is beaten in a fair race the other cannot claim the title, whoever the winner may be, and a surprise might be in store for the talent.

Billiards are as yet standing down; but I see young John Roberts is doing some tall talk in the Antipodes as to being champion. Not having been on the committee for the reduction of the pockets, &c., he may not perhaps care to remember that the "spot" was moved and pockets reduced for the benefit of his father; but all good men know it was so, and to cramp Cook's spot. My opinion is that Cook is decidedly champion of England now, and can claim the title until Roberts's return. If the latter prefers the "flesh-pots of Egypt" abroad, let him take them, but not indulge in "Yankee gas." When he returns, let him have another go, and that the best man may win is the wish of

EXON.

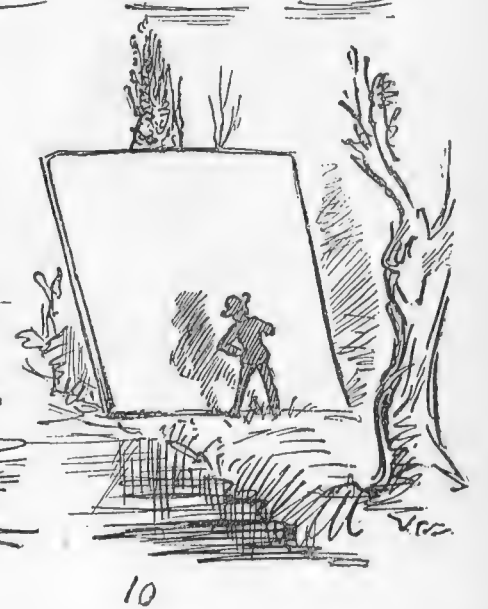
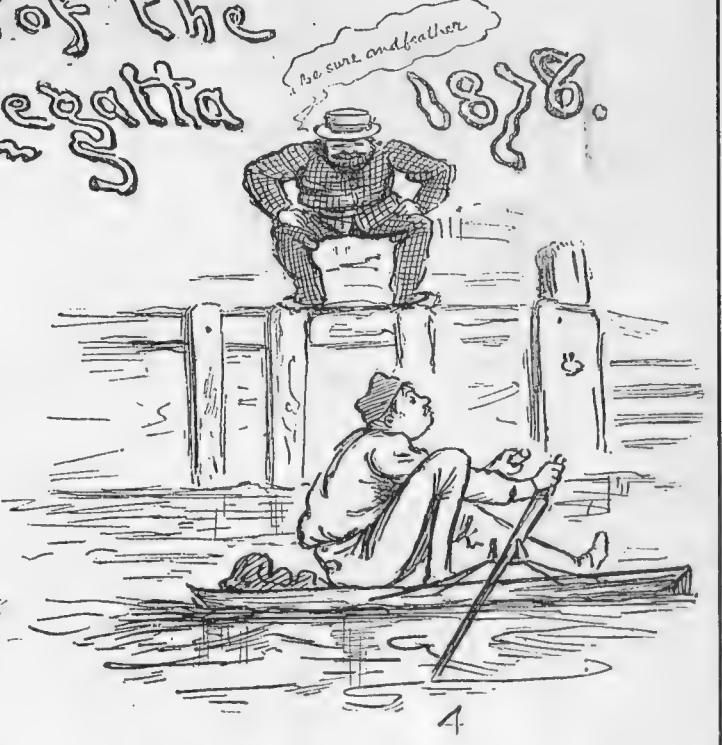
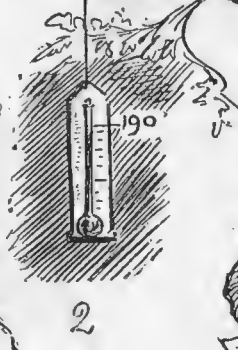
THE committee of the Surrey Bicycle Club have decided to hold a race meeting at Kennington Oval on Saturday, October 7th, when several open events will be contested for. The committee have also arranged to join the West Kent and other Bicycle Clubs, at the grand meet to be held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, September 23rd, at 4.30 for 5 o'clock.

DONCASTER YEARLING SALES.—In our advertisement columns will be found particulars of Mr. Taylor Sharpe's Yearlings and Brood Mares; The Croft Stud Yearlings; Mr. Cookson's Yearlings; The Waresley Stud Yearlings; Mr. W. E. Everill's Yearlings; The Highfield Hall Yearlings and Brood Mares; &c. In our next (September 9th) will be given a complete list of the Doncaster sales.

NOTWITHSTANDING the thousands of persons who visited Hunstanton on Monday, very slight interest was evinced in the boatmen's regatta and sports, owing to the wretched weather. The chief sailing race was won by Mr. Mahon's Charlotte, the second being Grange's Bride. The chief rowing event was won by the Coastguards' boat.

THE first indication of the approaching football season is the draw for the first ties of the association challenge cup which has taken place at a meeting of the Football Association. Thirty-five clubs will compete, and have been drawn for the first ties with the following results:—Druids v. Shropshire Wanderers, Panthers v. Woodgrange, Royal Engineers v. Old Harrovians, Southall v. Old Wyckhamists, Union v. Rochester, Pilgrims v. Ramblers, Herts Rangers v. Great Marlow, High Wycombe v. Cambridge Union, Gresham v. Forest School, Upton Park v. Leyton, South Norwood v. Saxons, 1st Surrey Rifles v. 105th Regiment, Reading Hornets v. Swifts, Sheffield Club v. Trojans, Saffron Walden v. Wanderers, Barnes v. Etonians, Oxford Union v. Old Salopians, Clapham v. Reigate Priory. These ties must be decided by November 15.

A Special Report of the Henley Regatta 1876.



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MR. HENRY J. BYRON is evidently impressed with the belief that the old jokes are the best, and possess a perennial popularity. No doubt, too, he has very good reason for his faith in them. He has so repeatedly tried the experiment of re-introducing to playgoers all the familiar and veteran puns and fancies which have



Mr. Henry J.

been in use for generations, and found them always quite as effective in diverting the simple British intellect, as ever they have been at any period of their lengthened career, that it is not much to be wondered at if he has come to imagine his audience as composed of Diggories, and that if he only tells them the story of "Old grouse in the gun-room," they can't help laughing at it—



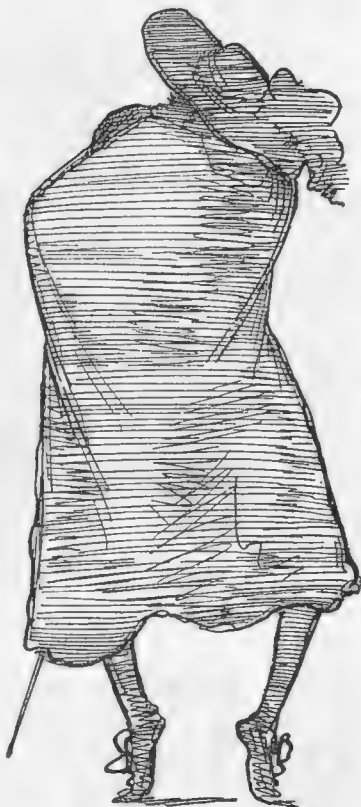
The O'Farragon.

he! he! he!—they have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Still, Mr. Byron's production, *The Bull by the Horns*, at the Gaiety Theatre, carries the principle of old-joke-revival a little too far. And the audience on Saturday night—a most good-humoured audience—were so irritated at seeing the good Gaiety actors and

actresses with nothing to do else than to walk idly about the stage, feeding their author with opportunities for delivering himself of strings of more or less elaborate witticisms that they really did begin to make the ominous sound called hissing. The presence of a certain R—y—l P—rs—n—ge and his charming consort in a box, and also the hopes of recompense in the matter of the burlesque to follow, in some sort served to divert from the comedy the full tide of popular condemnation which all along threatened it. Mr. Byron, as an actor (if the sort of performance he always goes through in his own pieces may be designated acting), did, undoubtedly, succeed in obtaining a personal popularity. He dresses well. He has an easy manner, and a drawing cynical style of delivery which passes at present for what used to be called "dry humour." But it differs so very greatly from the dry humour of real comedians (as for example that of Mr. Compton), that it becomes a difficult task for the critic to decide whether or no it can be called art at all. It has never, I presume, been attempted seriously to criticise Mr. Byron as an actor. The precedent, however, so successfully established by Dundreary, of giving eccentric prominence to parts dramatically subservient, aided much towards Mr. Byron's success in the line of character he has chosen to impersonate.

In *The Bull by the Horns* he is exactly what he was in *Married in Haste*, only under a different name, and almost exactly what he was in *Not Such a Fool as he Looks*, &c., &c.—in short, he is Mr. Henry J. Byron delivering his own jokes, utterly regardless of dramatic harmony, and without any sense of fairness towards the other characters in his piece. If one really endeavoured to criticise Mr. Byron as an actor, the first objection likely to suggest itself would be his pockets. If he had not innumerable pockets into which to shove his hands in order to give point to his witticisms, I fear he would find himself greatly at a loss. If one character on the stage says to another, "You're a fool, sir,"

Mr. Terry as the Shadow—
of what he was at the Strand.

in an ordinary manner, it goes for nothing. If when saying, "You're a fool," he sits down very coolly upon a chair (or table), putting his hands the while into his breeches pockets, the remark becomes absolute and brilliant repartee. Mr. Byron's acting consists in sitting coolly upon a chair (or table) and putting his hands into his breeches pockets.

The Bull by the Horns, is beneath serious criticism. I do not talk now from a literary, but merely from a theatrical point of view. There was one piece produced last season with which it would be most fitly classed—*My Niece and My Monkey*. The real pity is that such accomplished players as Mr. Maclean, Mr. Soutar, Mr. Royce, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Leigh should appear so admirably made-up, as they all are, without any opportunity of satisfying the expectant public, who, the moment they come on the stage, look to them for genuine amusement. Mr. Maclean's spirited sketch of the vinous Irishman, though merely a sketch, stands out by force of contrast no less than by excellence of acting, as the one redeeming feature of the piece. Mr. Soutar and Mr. Royce, capitally made up, are equally excellent as the two erratic husbands, but they have so little to do, and turn out so very uninteresting as the play proceeds. As for Miss Farren and the other actresses engaged in *The Bull by the Horns*, they share the fate of all the real artists in the theatre, and strive to make something out of the merest nothing.

The burlesque, I am glad to admit, is a better production than the comedy. In *Little Don Cesar de Bazan* Mr. Byron has gone back to his ancient pastures. It is neatly as well as smartly written, and, strange to say, depends much less for its humour on verbal tricks than does the comedy. Mr. Edward Terry, so long the sheet-anchor of the Strand company, and the one comedian who endeavours successfully to give burlesque an artistic tone, is an important acquisition to the Gaiety. His gestures are the wittiest imaginable, and, if I may use such an expression,

given a part with the faintest elements of fun in it, he will not fail to work it up into something irresistible. All this he accomplishes in the various disguises which he assumes in *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, and in conjunction with the ever sprightly and sparkling Nelly Farren, works with unflagging energy and success. The latter lady has only to give one of her amusing parodies of the music-hall ditties to secure instant applause. She tickles



Mr. R. Soutar as "Peter Olsun."

her audience so by singing "I'll strike you with a feather," that they repeatedly encore her. Mr. Royce, an excellent burlesque actor in a different style from Mr. Terry, adds much to the general fun of the whole proceedings by his singing and dancing. Miss Kate Vaughan makes an advance upon her former style, and acts Maritana with grace and refinement.

The re-opening of the Gaiety puts an end to the dull season of the theatrical year. We may now look forward with interest to the numerous fresh ventures of the other houses, confident that there will be plenty of reason for captious criticism, and hopeful that there will be much room for praise.

The news of an alarming accident, which at first seemed likely to deprive you (for a week) my dear reader, of the inestimable services of yours truly, will be gathered from the following copy



Little Don C.

of a telegram received by the editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS:—"From Policeman X to Mr. Byron Webber. Captious Critic fallen down precipice, Primrose-hill. Internal restoratives required. On descending was unfortunately guyed."

I am glad to tell you that my injuries are not so severe as at first feared. Policeman X is an over-zealous though well-meaning officer, and I hasten to allay public anxiety, which I know to be excited to a high pitch with regard to my safety. I am proud to make my bow before you in my usual bright and sparkling spirits, just as if nothing had occurred. Ah, my friends, it will take a great many of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune to incapacitate me for fulfilling my duty towards ye. My motto, like the tragedy man, is, "I am here." Or rather, I should say, "Here, there, and everywhere."

THE INTERNATIONAL CENTENARY BOAT RACE.

THE 21st of August was one of the notable dates in the history of the American Centennial Exhibition. On that day commenced the regatta arranged in connection with the grand celebration of American Independence. This Centennial water fête will be the most stupendous fixture in the way of aquatic events that has ever been recorded, or that is likely to take place until the Americans are repeating their commemoration. It will last from Aug. 21 to Sept. 15, the programme thus extending over nearly a full month. Although the regatta is styled an international affair it can hardly be considered so, except as regards a small minority of the matches. There are some fifty clubs entered, but they are nearly all native American associations. Among the crews appearing from the United Kingdom are a four from the First Trinity of Cambridge, another from Trinity College, Dublin, and one from the London Rowing Club. These crews will take part in many of the other events, but they are, after all, a small though powerful representation of the aquatic ability of Great Britain and Ireland. Dublin entrusts her credit to the keeping of the two Barringtons; while Gullston is among the Londoners' crew. In the inter-collegiate pair-oar race, Cambridge will be opposed by Harvard, Atalanta, and New York crews; while, for professional fours, pairs, and sculls, the notable Thames rowers, Spence, Thomas, Green, and Higgins, the two latter Irishmen, have entered, and will toughen the work for all comers. The competitors appear to be confined to crews from Canada, America, and the United Kingdom, there being no entries from the Continent. Inasmuch as the programme will be made to cover the long period of the regatta, not so much by the number of events, as by the fact that many prizes will, on account of the large number of crews in the field—or, rather, on the water—necessitate, perhaps, as many as twenty bouts before the rivals can be sifted for the final tug, there is every reason to anticipate good sport and exciting tussles. One feature will favour the regatta to a singular degree. The course lies on the Schuylkill River, over a perfectly straight length of a mile and a half, and a

course of double that run, having only a slight elbow at one point. Again, the races may be rowed from either end, the current of the river being so slight as to deviate in no direction. It is certain that, whatever exhibition of strength and skill the races may turn out to be, they will, at least, be well contested. Hitherto, the representatives of America have not been able to hold their ground against the rowers of the mother country. But it was America fighting on British waters, and perhaps the failure of Harvard and Atalanta may be reversed over a home course. There are many reasons why the Americans should make a better figure at home than in their adventurous exploits abroad. In the first place, the crews do not have to endure the effects of sudden change of climate; in the next, they are in familiar waters; and every rowing man knows how much that counts for. But, besides this, they have got the whole field of native amateurs and professionals to choose from, while the visitors cannot look beyond themselves. It is all America, in fact, to a couple of dozen strangers, and though these strangers are among the pick of their respective countries, it remains to be seen whether the strain of many competitors will not help the numerical preponderance of the American crews to retrieve some of the laurels lost in international encounters at this side of the Atlantic.

The races commenced Aug. 28, at Philadelphia. For the amateur championship race seven heats were rowed off, three of which were contested by representatives from the Universities of Cambridge, London, and Dublin. The winners of the several heats were afterwards to row against one another to decide ultimately the contest for the championship. London and Cambridge won their respective heats, but Dublin was beaten, and the latter could not, consequently, take part in the final race. On the day following the winners of the previous heats rowed against one another, in order to decide who is to contest the final race, which is to take place to-morrow. The Watkins Club beat the Cambridge boat, and the London Rowing Club representatives defeated the Yale University crew, and Beaverwyck won the heat against Eureka. London, Watkins, and Beaverwyck are there-

fore the competitors for the final race, which is to decide the amateur championship.

The final heat of the Amateur Four-oared Race was rowed by the three crews on the 30th, and after a terrific struggle the Beaverwyck crew were successful, the London crew being second, and the Watkins Club third. The London boat was fouled by both of the opposing crews. Result:—Beaverwyck Rowing Club, Albany, N.Y.: J. T. McCormick (bow), J. H. McEntee, R. T. Gorman, T. J. Gorman (stroke) 1. London Rowing Club, England: R. H. Labat, 1st 3lb (bow); F. S. Gullston, 1st 12lb; A. Trower, 1st 2lb; T. O. Howell, 1st 12lb (stroke) 2. Watkins Boat Club, New York: A. McLaugherty (bow), F. Stull, A. Tyrrell, F. Wakeman (stroke), F. W. Jackson, substitute, 3. Won by twelve inches, after the London crew had been fouled by both the opposing boats.

THE PATENT GALILEAN.—This valuable invention, manufactured and patented by Mr. W. Luce Hosking, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, can be applied to all kinds of walking-sticks, fishing-rods, hunting-whips, umbrellas, &c., and will enable the tourist to dispense with the cumbersome telescope, or the binocular with its case and slings. The object-glass, with its mounting, weighs only an ounce and a half; it is exceedingly useful as a reading-glass, or for the smoker, as a burning-glass. It is a perfect "Tria juncta in uno." The pedestrian obtains the support he requires in the shape of a stick, while the tourist finds the compass almost indispensable, and the telescope enables him to obtain a correct definition of vessels and other objects in a clear atmosphere at a distance of twenty-five miles.

The members of the Brighton Bicycle Club held a series of contests in the County Cricket Ground, at Hove, on Monday afternoon. Mr. H. Moore, of Brighton, won the five-mile handicap race, open to all amateurs, after a game struggle with Adams, of Oxford, and thus he secured the first prize of 15 guineas; Tyler, of London, was third, and Mackinnon, of Brighton, fourth. The one-mile race was also won by Mr. Moore, Mackinnon being second, and Attree third. Mr. C. E. Man secured first honours in the two-mile race.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST AND MOTTO? By sending Name and County, with 3s. 6d., a plain drawing will be sent; if painted in heraldic colours, 7s. Pedigrees traced. The Arms of Man and Wife blended. The proper colours for Servant's Livery, what buttons to be used, and how the carriage should be painted, according to heraldic Rules. Cullerton's "Book of Family Crests and Mottoes," 4000 Engravings printed in colours, £10 10s.; "The Manual of Heraldry," 4000 Engravings, 3s. 6d., post-free by T. CULLETON, Genealogist, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C. The Heraldic Library open from 10 till 4.

SEAL ENGRAVINGS by CULLETON.—Crest Engraved on Seals, Rings, Book-Plates, and Steel Dies for stamping paper, price 7s. 6d. Livery Button Dies, £2 2s. Crests engraved on silver spoons and family plate 5s. per dozen articles. A neat Desk Seal, with Engraved Crest, 12s. 6d. Registered letter, 6d. extra.—T. Cullerton, Engraver to the Queen and Royal Family, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

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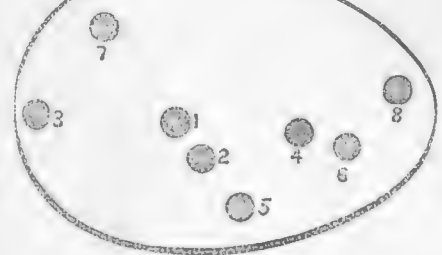
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Further particulars, with printed lists, can be had of Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate.

DONCASTER HORSE SALES, 1876.
MR. WALKER begs to announce that he will sell by AUCTION, in the SALE PADDOCK, DONCASTER, during the race week, the following valuable BLOOD STOCK, HUNTERS, &c.
The property of Mr. S. Horncastle, CLARA, aged.
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ROB ROY, chestnut gelding; well known in Northamptonshire.
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BAY FILLY by Exchequer out of Weather Isle, 3 yrs.
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BLUE BELL, brown mare.
Entries for this sale to be made to Mr. T. WALKER, New-street, York.

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AT HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS.
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COCK OF THE WALK, black horse (foaled 1865) by Chanticleer out of Whimsical by Launcelot—Whim by Voltaire—Fancy by Osmond.—At 20 Guineas a Mare, Groom's fee included. His yearlings are very good.
TICHBORNE (foaled 1870), a handsome bay horse, 16 hands high, 6 yrs, sound and without blemish, by Trumpeter out of Mermaid by Buccaneer—Naïad by Weatherbit; winner of the October Handicap and other races, and fifth in the Cesarewitch.—At 10 Guineas Thoroughbred Mares, 5 Guineas Half-bred Mares, and 2 Guineas Farmers' Mares.

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All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. ELMER, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.
Terms 20s. per week barren mares; 25s. mares in foal and with foals.

DERBY SUMMER MEETING, 1876, WILL TAKE PLACE TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19th and 20th.
Under the Newmarket and Grand National Rules.

* * The following stakes close on Tuesday, September 19th, to Messrs. WEATHERBY, London; Messrs. PRATT and BARBROOK, 28, Conduit-street, London; Mr. R. JOHNSON, York; and Mr. J. BRADFIELD, Clerk of the Course, Nottingham; Mr. R. JOHNSON, York, Judge; Messrs. JOHNSON, Handicappers.

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FIRST DAY.
The following Stakes will Close September 5th:—
The CHATSWORTH STAKES, £50 added, One Mile.
The HURDLE HANDICAP, £50 added, Two Miles.
ELVASTON CASTLE STAKES for Hunters, £50 added, Two Miles on the flat.

The following Close evening before running.
The TRIAL STAKES, £50 added, Six Furlongs.
The SELLING STAKES, £50 added, Five Furlongs.

SECOND DAY.
The following Stakes will close September 5th:—
The HARRINGTON STAKES, £100 added, One Mile.
MAIDEN PLATE, for two-year olds, £50 added, Half-a-mile.
HURDLE HANDICAP, £50 added, One-and-a-half Miles.
DONINGTON STAKES for Hunters, £50 added, Two Miles over hurdles.

The following Close evening before running.
ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE of £50, Five Furlongs.
SELLING STAKES for two-year olds, £50 added, Half-mile.

DEAL REGATTA will take place on MONDAY next, September 4th.
The Downs form the finest course on the Coast. Excursion leaves Charing Cross at 8 a.m., returning from Deal at 7.35 p.m. 5s. Return.

THE PATENT GALILEAN WALKING STICK, TELESCOPE and COMPASS.
The Tourist's true friend defines ships twenty-five miles distant, and colours of flags four miles. Fitted to all kinds of sticks and canes, such as Rattans, Brisbanes, Malaccas, Hazels, Hollies, Oaks, &c., or to Hunting Whips, Fishing Rods, Umbrellas, Alpine Stocks, &c. Prices 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 35s., &c., according to the stick and mounts.

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CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS or RIFLES. Our £15 breech-loading Gun, 12, 16, and 20 bore, with canvas case and apparatus complete, is not to be surpassed for style, finish, and shooting qualities. In various patterns of action, "Double Grip" top levers (Thomas's Patent), side levers, &c.
EXPRESS DOUBLE RIFLES, .577 bore, carrying 6 drs of powder, from 25 grs. Also of other sizes, .500, .450, and .360 bores. All our Rifles and Guns are carefully shot, and trials solicited.
Price-Lists on application.

E. M. REILLY and CO. 502, New Oxford-street, London. Branches: 315, Oxford-street, London; and 2, Rue Scribe, Paris.

HENDON AUTUMN MEETING, 1876, Will take place over the Kingsbury Course on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th of September.
Under the Newmarket and Grand National Hunt Rules.
Hendon Station, on the Midland Railway, is about one mile from the Course.
Forty good loose boxes on the ground.
Application to be made to the Stud Groom, Bush Farm, Kingsbury.

FIRST DAY.
The ANGLESEY PLATE of 50 sovs; two years-old, 6st 12lb, three, 8st 3lb, four, 8st 12lb, five and upward, 9st 7lb; m. and g. allowed 7lb; maidens allowed 5lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 300 sovs, if for 200 sovs allowed 7lb, the surplus to be divided under the new rule; entrance 3 sovs each; five furlongs, straight.

To close and name to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit Street, London, W., or Messrs. Weatherby, on Tuesday, September 5th.

The KILBURN HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs; the winner of any race value 60sovs after the publication of the weights () 7lb, any other winner 4lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 2 sovs each to the fund; five furlongs, straight.

To close as for the Anglesey Plate.
A HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 5 sovs each 2 ft. to the fund, with 50 sovs added; any winner after the publication of the weights () 7lb extra; Gentlemen riders as qualified by the Grand National Hunt—other riders 5lb extra; about one mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

To close as for the Anglesey Plate.
The WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 1 ft., with 35 sovs added; any winner after the publication of the weights () 7lb extra; Gentlemen riders as qualified by the Grand National Hunt—other riders 5lb extra; about one mile and a quarter.

To close as for the Anglesey Plate.
The WILLESDEN SELLING HANDICAP of 50 sovs; winners after the publication of the weights () 7lb extra; the winner to be sold by auction for 50 sovs; entrance 2 sovs; six furlongs.

To close as for the Anglesey Plate.
The HARP STAKES of 5 sovs each, 2 ft. to the fund, with 50 sovs added; two-years-old, 7st 3lb, three, 8st 10lb, four, 9st 4lb, five and upwards, 9st 7lb; m. and g. allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 50 sovs, if for 30 sovs allowed 7lb, if for 20 sovs 10lb, the surplus to be divided; five furlongs, straight.

To close and name by five o'clock the evening before running, to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit Street, London, W.

The KENTON STAKES of 30 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs each, for three-years-old, 10st 7lb four, 11st 12lb, five, 12st 7lb, six and aged, 13st; winners once this year of a flat or hurdle race to carry 5lb, twice 7lb extra; the winner to be sold by auction for 70 sovs, if entered to be sold for 50 sovs allowed 7lb, the surplus to be divided under the new rule; one mile and a half; over six flights of hurdles.

To close and name by five o'clock the evening before running, to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit Street, London, W.

SECOND DAY.
The HENDON HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 2 ft. to the fund, with 50 sovs added, for three-years-old and upwards; any winner of a handicap after the publication of the weights () 7lb, any other winner 4lb extra; the second to save his stake; about one mile.

To close to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit Street, London, W., or to Messrs. Weatherby, on Tuesday, September 5th.

The BUSH HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 2 ft. to the fund, with 50 added; any winner of 60 sovs after the publication of the weights () 7lb extra, any other winner 4lb extra; about five furlongs.

To close as for the Hendon Handicap.
The WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 35 added; the winner to be sold by auction for 50 sovs; six furlongs.

To close as for the Hendon Handicap.
The FAIRFIELD HURDLE RACE (Handicap) value 50 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each for starters; any winner of a hurdle race after the publication of the weights () 7lb extra; entrance 2 sovs each to the fund; about one mile and three-quarters, over seven flights of hurdles.

To close as for the Hendon Handicap.
The EDGWARE TWO-YEARS-OLD PLATE of 50 sovs for colts, 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb; maidens allowed 7lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 60 sovs, and the surplus to be divided: any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 2 sovs each; half a mile.

To close and name on the evening before running by six o'clock at the Welsh Harp, Hendon.

The SELLING HURDLE RACE of 3 sovs each, with 30 added; three-years-old, 10st 7lb, four, 11st 7lb, five and upwards, 11st 12lb; maidens five-years-old and upwards allowed 7lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 100 sovs, if for 50 sovs allowed 7lb; one mile and a half.

To close and name at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, by six o'clock the evening before running.

The STAND SELLING PLATE of 50 sovs; any winner after the publication of the weights () 7lb extra; the winner to be sold by auction for 50 sovs; entrance 2 sovs; five furlongs.

To close and name at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, by six o'clock the evening before running.

CONDITIONS.
The colours of the riders to be declared to the Clerks of the Course by six o'clock on the evening previous to running, and any trainer not declaring colours, or running his horse contrary to those on the card will be fined 1 sov.

In all races three horses to start or the added money will be withheld.

In all other respects Newmarket and Grand National Rules will be adhered to.

The Clerks of the Races reserve to themselves the right of re-opening any race (except those closing the night before running) if ten subscribers are not obtained.

All disputes relative to these races to be settled by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint, and such decision to be final.

Before lodging any objection to a winner, 5 sovs must be deposited with the Clerks of the Course, which will be forfeited should the objection be withdrawn or be considered frivolous by the Stewards.

Mr. W. P. WARNER, Lessee.

Mr. J. F. VERRALL, Handicapper.

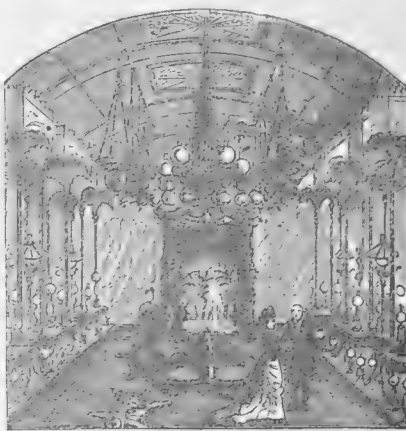
Mr. T. McGEORGE, Starter.

Mr. J. PRATT, Judge.

Messrs. PRATT and BARBROOK, 28, Conduit Street, London, W., Clerks of the Races and Stakeholders.

NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS, 95, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

WILLIAMS & BACH, LAMP MAKERS TO THE COURTS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE, 92, New Bond Street, London, W.



ALADDIN'S PALACE OF LAMPS, in which are always on view, in an extensive range of saloons, upwards of ONE THOUSAND LAMPS, suitable for Dining, Drawing, and Billiard Rooms, Libraries, and Boudoirs.

Each Duplex Lamp gives a light equal to TWENTY-SIX SPERM CANDLES.

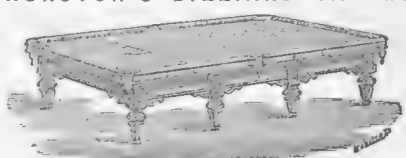
INVENTORS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL AND FLORAL LAMPS.

SOLE IMPORTERS of inodorous WHITE MOLUCCAS OIL, giving a brilliant and agreeable light, certified by analysts for its purity and perfect safety in use.

W. & B. desire to state that they have NO AGENTS.—PURE WHITE MOLUCCAS OIL can only be obtained from

92, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.



LONDON, LIVERPOOL, & MANCHESTER.

THURSTON'S are the LARGEST SHOW-ROOMS for BILLIARD-TABLES in ENGLAND.

THURSTON and CO., Billiard-Table Makers, Lamp-Makers, and Gasfitters by Appointment to H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for War, &c.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD-TABLES. Head Offices and Show-rooms, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON. Factory—Waterloo Billiard Works, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. Branch Show-Rooms—89, Bold Street, Liverpool; Victoria Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

WARD & CO., NATURALISTS, 158, PICCADILLY, LONDON.



THOMPSON and CAPPER'S DENTIFRICE WATER

ARRESTS DECAY in the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath.

55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. bottles, by all Chemists.

WILLS'S BEST BIRD'S EYE.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS inform the Trade and the Public that this Tobacco is now put up by them in

ONE OUNCE PACKETS

in addition to the other sizes, the Label being a reduced ac-simile of that used for the Two-Ounce Packets. Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and Bristol.

NOTICE.

J. C. CORDING and CO., WATERPROOFERS,

(ESTABLISHED 1839),

HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR,

To 19, Piccadilly, corner of Air-street.

CAUTION.

THEY HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE.

ORIGINAL MAKERS OF THE

VENTILATED COATS, THE IDSTONE BOOTS

(Registered), and other specialties.

From Field, Jan. 30—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been too long before the public to fail in that respect."

19, PICCADILLY (corner of Air-street).

NEW MUSIC.

TERMINATION OF THE LONDON SEASON.

CHAPPELL and Co. have now on view an immense stock of
SECONDHAND PIANOFORTES by
Broadwood, Collard,
Erard, Lipp,
Rosenkranz, Schiedmayer,
Chappell, &c.,
which will be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash.
50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s
THREE YEARS' SYSTEM
of hire and purchase is applied to all kinds of piano-
fortes by the best makers from two guineas per quarter.
1st free by post.
50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s
THREE YEARS' SYSTEM
is applied to
ORGANS,
ALEXANDRE ORGANS,
AMERICAN ORGANS,
HARMONIUMS,
ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES can
be tried side by side at 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL'S ENGLISH 20-Guinea
or SCHOOL-ROOM PIANOFORTE, with
Check Action, in Canadian Walnut, Mahogany; also,
in Solid Oak or White Ash, 22 gs.; and in elegant
Rosewood or Walnut Case, 27 gs. This instrument
combines good quality of tone and excellence of work-
manship. It has the merit of standing well in tune,
and is capable of enduring hard school practice without
going out of order.

CHAPPELL'S English Model COT-
TAGE PIANOFORTE.—To amateurs prefer-
ring the pure English tone the English Model will be
found the most satisfactory instrument, at a moderate
price. The action is of a simple description, and there-
fore especially adapted to the country, where the more
elaborate actions are objectionable to the tuner.

In elegant Rosewood Case, with full fret, similar
in all respects to other instruments at 50 gs., price 40 gs.;
with handsome truss legs, 45 gs.; in splendid Walnut
(similar to other 65-guinea instruments), price 45 gs.;
with handsome truss legs, 50 gs. Seven Octaves (A to A).

CHAPPELL and Co.'s ORIENTAL
MODEL PIANOFORTE, Iron Frame, Trichord
throughout, Check Action, Seven Octaves, Solid Walnut
Case. FIFTY-FIVE GUINEAS; or in Solid
Mahogany or Black Walnut Case, and Check Action,
FORTY-THREE GUINEAS; with Plain Action,
THIRTY-EIGHT GUINEAS.

Made expressly to withstand the heat and moisture of
extreme climates. Every part that is glued is also
secured with screws. The felt on the hammers, &c., is
fastened with pins. The back and the silk frame are
lined with perforated zinc to keep out damp and insects;
and every precaution taken that has been suggested by
persons who have had many years' experience in the
care of musical instruments in India and China.

Testimonials of the durability of these Instruments
can be seen at 50, New Bond-street.

The price includes—1, Packing-cases of tin and
wood; 2, A suitable tuning hammer or key; 3, A tuning
fork; 4, Some additional strings; 5, A Book on Tuning
and Preserving the Instrument; 6, And the Carriage to the
Docks.

Show-Rooms, 50, New Bond-street.
Factory, Chalk Farm-road.

D'ALBERT'S TRIAL BY JURY
LANCERS. Played at the Royal Aquarium,
Westminster. Just published, a New Set of Lancers,
on Favourite Airs from Arthur Sullivan's Operetta.
Illustrated in Colours. Price 2s. net, postage-free.
Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

NEW WALTZ BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.
D'ALBERT'S TRIAL BY JURY
WALTZ. A new Waltz on favourite Airs from
Arthur Sullivan's Operetta, by the above popular Com-
poser. Illustrated. Price 4s.; postage-free, 2s.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

D'ALBERT'S SWEETHEART'S
WALTZ, on Arthur Sullivan's Popular Song.
Played daily at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.
Price, post-free, 2s. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

JOLLY SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN.
Published by HUTCHINGS and ROMER,
9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.
John Peel. Hunting Song. Price 3s. By D. Pentland.
Four Jolly Smiths. Price 3s. By H. Leslie.
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea. Price 3s. By I.
Gibson.
When Joan's Ale was new. Price 3s. By M. Kiko
(as sung at the Oxford and Cambridge Universities).
Nancy o' Bristol. Price 4s. J. L. Roedel.
Hear the Wild Wind Blow. Price 4s. Tito Mattei.
With My Dog and My Gun. Price 2s. 6d. Bishop.

DRAWING-ROOM COMIC SONGS
FOR LADIES.
Published by HUTCHINGS and ROMER,
9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.
Who's That Tapping at the Garden Gate. Price 3s.
There's No One There (sequel to above). Price 3s.
I Told You So. Price 3s. Offenbach.
The Timid Little Thing. Price 3s. Collier.
My Love He is a Sailor. Price 3s. Faise.
The Morning Call. Price 3s. Collier.

THERE'S AN ANGEL IN THE
FLAME. Price 4s. A new song by Faise, which
is likely to be more popular than his celebrated song,
"Never Mind the Rest," in two keys, C and E.
All the above songs can be had of any Music-seller in
the United Kingdom or the Colonies. Wholesale
Warehouse, 10 and 11, Little Marlborough-street,
Regent-street, London, W.

CRAMER'S THREE-YEARS'
SYSTEM OF HIRING PIANOFORTES,
Harps, Harmoniums, Church, Chamber,
and American Organs, originated by them, has
been partially adopted and is advertised by
other firms, but is carried out on a thoroughly
large and liberal scale only by themselves.

27, 209, Regent-street; 43 to 46, Moorgate-street.

GENTLEMEN in Town, Country, or
Abroad, can have their
BUSINESS OR PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE
ADDRESSED AND FORWARDED
with safety; name on window; use of rooms for
writing; terms moderate.
DE LA MOTTE'S,
14 and 15, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.

DONCASTER SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give
NOTICE that their usual SALES will take
place in the SALE PADDOCKS, DONCASTER, on
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and
FRIDAY, September 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.
In consequence of the large number of lots no fresh
lists can be received, as all the four days are quite full.
Those gentlemen who have not yet sent in their lists of
the annual sales are requested to do so during the next
week, in order that the advertisements and catalogues
may be prepared.
Each day's sale will commence at ten o'clock.

NOTICE.

YEARLING SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give
Notice that all lots at their Yearling and
Thoroughbred Sales are expected to be paid for before
delivery, and that if orders are given to their regular
customers after a sale, it must be upon the understand-
ing that they are to be paid for on the following Mon-
day at Albert-gate.

NOTICE.—There will NOT be a SALE
NEXT THURSDAY.—THURSDAY'S
SALES ARE DISCONTINUED for the SEASON.

TATTERSALL'S, ALBERT GATE,
HYDE-PARK.
SALES BY AUCTION EVERY MONDAY.
Horses on view Saturday.

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on TUES-
DAY, September 12th, the YARDLEY STUD
YEARLINGS, with their engagements:—

1. DYNASTY, a Chestnut Filly, by Sterling, her dam Durham, by Lifeboat (dam of winners), out of Honey Dear (the dam of Oxford, &c., &c.)—foaled February 6th.
2. STRAMONY, a Brown Filly, by Sterling, out of Datura (dam of Storm King, Dahlia, Nitocris, &c.), by Newminster, her dam Snowdrop (dam of Gemma di Vergy), by Heron (sire of Fisherman), out of Fairy, by Filho da Puta, &c. (foaled February 15th).
3. BEAUMARIS, a Bay or Brown Filly, by The Duke, out of Carfax, by Oxford, her dam Curagoa (dam of Martinique, &c.), by The Cure, out of Tasmania (dam of Leolinus), by Melbourne, &c., &c. (foaled February 17th).
4. ZACCHO, a Bay Filly, by The Duke, dam Challenger's dam, &c., by Lifeboat, her dam Mellona (Dukedom's dam, &c.), by Teddington, out of Honey Dear (the dam of Oxford, &c.)—foaled February 23rd.
5. RUGBY, a Brown Colt, by Playfair, dam by Wild Dayrell, out of Lady Lurewell (own sister to Lady Wildair and dam of Folkestone, Cannobie, &c.), by Horsea, out of Dirce, by Partisan, her dam, Antiope, by Whalebone, &c. (foaled March 4th).
6. FUSCHIA, a Chestnut Filly, by Sterling or Ben Webster, dam (Stroud's dam, &c.), by Leamington, out of Splitvite (dam of Lady Mary, Gang Forward's dam, and of Bribery, dam of St. Albans, Savernake, &c.)—foaled March 8th.
7. ECHO, a Bay or Brown Filly, by Oxford, out of Economy, by Adventurer, her dam, Mrs. Wood (dam of Tabernacle, &c.), by Y. Melbourne, out of Physalis, by Bay Middleton, her dam, Baleine, by Whalebone, &c. (foaled March 15th—first foal).
8. BRAND, a Bay Colt, by Sterling, out of Gretna (dam of Vanish, &c.), by Stockwell, her dam; Terrona, by Touchstone, out of Alice Hawthorn, &c., &c. (foaled March 16th).
9. BITHYÆ, a Chestnut Filly, by Sterling, out of Besika (dam of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Tenedos, &c.), by Beirum, her dam, Merope (grandam of Galopin), by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam, by Juniper, &c., &c. (foaled March 19th).
10. BOBENBACH, a Brown Colt, by The Duke, dam (Coronet's dam, &c.) by Sweetmeat, out of Ventre a Terre, by Pantaloon, her dam Eluina (own sister in blood to the grandam of Lady Elizabeth), by Emilius (foaled March 22nd).
11. ZYTHUM, a Brown Filly, by The Duke, out of Sultana (dam of Graceful), by Oxford, her dam Besika, &c., &c. (foaled March 24th).
12. NICKEL, a Bay Filly, by Sterling, out of Sham Fight (dam of Spectator, &c.), by Knight of Kars, her dam Caricature (grandam of Saccharometer, by Pantaloon, out of Pasquinate (own sister to Touchstone), by Camel, &c., &c. (foaled March 26th).
13. SINGLETON, a Bay Colt, by The Duke, out of Little Gordon (dam of Hannab), by Oxford, her dam Sister Isle, by Lord of the Isles or King Brian (brother to the dam of Prodigal, by Out Ellen Middleton (dam of Wild Dayrell), by Bay Middleton (foaled March 28th).
14. LAFIITE, a Brown Filly, by Playfair, out of Light Wine (dam of La Rose), by Claret, her dam Coimbra (dam of Claremont, &c., &c.), by Kingston, out of Calcevala (Caviana's dam, &c., &c.), by Birdcatcher (foaled March 28th).
15. INVESTMENT, a Bay Filly (own sister to Duke-dam, &c.), by The Duke, out of Mellona, by Teddington, her dam Honey Dear (the dam of Oxford, &c., &c.)—foaled March 30th.
16. GLANCE, a Chestnut Colt, by Playfair, out of Hartshorn (dam by Oxhorn, &c.) by Mountain Deer, her dam, Area (the dam of Egyptian, &c.), by Gladiator, &c. (foaled April 2nd).
17. GLYPHIC, a Bay Colt, by Sterling, out of Sister Isle (dam of Little Gordon, Adrian, &c.), her dam, Wild Dayrell's dam, &c. (foaled April 2nd).
18. FULGOR, a Brown Filly, by Sterling, out of Beachy Head (dam of Breechloader, Central Fire), by Knight of St. Patrick, her dam, Beechnut (dam of Green Riband, &c., &c.), by Nutwith, out of Celia, by Touchstone, &c., &c. (foaled April 3rd).
19. PENTAGRAPH, a Bay Colt, by Sterling, out of Countess Agnes, by Wild Dayrell, her dam, Miss Agnes (dam of Frivolity, Couronne de Fer, &c.), by I. Birdcatcher, out of Agnes, by Clarion, &c. (foaled April 10); in the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, Grand Prix de Paris.
20. VIGOUR, a Bay Colt, by Musket, out of sister to Ringwood, by Lord Clifden, her dam, Vimeira, by Voltigeur, out of Coalition, by Don John, &c., &c. (foaled April 17th—first foal).
21. CHRONICLE, a Bay Colt, by Sterling, or Ben Webster, out of Corsica (dam of Wilberforce, One of Two, &c.), by Newminster, her dam, Pauline (dam of many winners), by The Emperor (foaled April 20th).
22. ISONOMY, a Bay Colt, by Sterling, out of Isola Bella, by Stockwell, her dam, Isoline (winner of the Goodwood Cup, &c.) by Ethelbert, &c., &c. (foaled April 28th).
23. ALL RIGHT, a Bay Colt, by Oxford, or Sterling, out of Thalia, by Newminster, &c., &c. (foaled May 5th).

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on WED-
NESDAY, September 13th, the CROFT STUD
YEARLINGS, with their engagements:

- A BAY COLT by The Palmer out of Lady Dot (the dam of Perth, Maid of Perth, Sir William Wallace, &c.); engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger, Epsom Derby, Grand Prix de Paris, Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton.
- A BAY COLT, by Underhand, out of Unfashionable Beauty; engaged in the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, and Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle.

A BAY FILLY, by The Palmer, out of Letty Long (dam of Lettice, &c.); engaged in the Epsom Derby and Oaks, Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton, Great Northern St. Leger, Stockton, and Seaton Delaval Stakes, Newcastle.

A BLACK COLT, by the Palmer, out of Queen of Beauty (dam of Mars and Cingalina).

A BAY COLT, by Stentor, out of Lady Valentine.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Speculum, out of Demi-monde.

A BROWN FILLY, by the Palmer, out of Edith of Lorne (dam of Earlston, &c.); engaged in the Epsom Oaks, Champion Stakes at Newmarket, and Richmond Stakes at Goodwood.

A CHESTNUT COLT, by Argyle, out of Rancee.

A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Mandrake, out of Happy Queen, by Tournament, her dam The Doe, by Melbourne.

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on
WEDNESDAY, September 13th, with their engage-
ments, the WARELES STUD YEARLINGS, the
property of Mr. Watson.

- A BAY COLT, brother to Tam o' Shanter, by Blink-hoolie, out of Miss Hawthorn (dam of Ecarteré and Captivator), by King Tom, dam by Jerry, Jenny Jumps, by Rocco; engaged in the Epsom Derby and Doncaster St. Leger (foaled March 2nd).
- A BAY COLT, by Blinkhoolie, out of Iphigenia (dam of Sybarite), by Kingston, out of Sacrifice (dam of Alcestis and Danae), by Voltaire; engaged in the Epsom Derby (foaled March 16th).
- A BAY COLT, by Blinkhoolie, out of No Name (winner of many races), by Teddington, her dam, Queen of Beauty, by Melbourne—Birthday, by Pantaloon; engaged in Champion Stakes, Newmarket, 1876, 4 sovs ft (foaled April 15th).
- A BAY COLT, by Pero Gomez, out of Canaretta (dam of Taymouth), by Lord of the Isles, her dam, Canarina, by Hermit—Castellan, by Lanercost (foaled March 20th).

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on
WEDNESDAY, September 13th, the following
YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property
of Mr. W. E. Everitt, Finsall, Bromsgrove.

- ERASMUS, a Bay Colt, by Paul Jones, out of Vicar's Daughter, by Surplice, out of My Niece, by Cowl, her dam, Vanity, by Camel, out of Vat, by Langar—Wire (sister to Whalebone).
- ECONOMY, a Bay Filly, by Paul Jones, out of Penniless, by Beadsman, out of Callipolis, by Charleston, her dam, Kalipyge, by Bay Middleton, out of Venus, by Sir Hercules.
- EXECUTION, a Brown Filly, by Paul Jones, out of Damages, by Oxford, out of Defamation (dam of Saccharometer, Tartine, &c.), by Iago, her dam, Caricature, by Pantaloon, out of sister to Touchstone; engaged in the Epsom Oaks.
- EAST WIND, a Bay Colt, by St. Albans, out of Anemone, by Newminster, out of Hepatica, by Voltigeur, her dam, Vanish, by Velocipede, out of Garland, by Langar.
- EREMITE, a Bay Colt, by The Palmer, out of Miss Lizzie, by Oxford, out of Fenella, by Ugly Buck, her dam by Annandale, out of Miss Parkinson, by Swiss (second foal); engaged in the Epsom Derby.
- EMELITA, a Brown Filly, by Pero Gomez, out of Sylvie (dam of Sylvanus, &c.), by Barnton, out of Lady, by Orlando, out of Snowdrop (dam of Gemma di Vergy), by Heron.
- ELLORA, a Brown Filly, by Cardinal York, out of Laura (dam of Clara, Whitebait, Clarice, Celosia, and Don Carlos), by Lambton, out of Robia, by Orestes, out of Claribel, by Touchstone; engaged in the Epsom Oaks.
- EBONY, a Brown Colt, by Cardinal York, out of Mulberry (dam of Batsford, Ambassador, Corydalis, and Delicacy), by Beadsman, out of Strawberry, by Flying Dutchman, her dam, British Queen, by Coronation.
- EAVES-DROPPER, a Bay Colt, out of Cardinal York, out of Hironelle, by Macaroni, out of Philomel, by Flying Dutchman, her dam, British Queen, by Coronation, grandam by Laurel, out of Flight; engaged in the Epsom Derby.
- EPICURE, a Brown Colt, by Cardinal York, out of Savoir Vivre, by Wild Dayrell, out of Sagacity, by Theon, her dam by Wanton, out of Beatrice, by Blacklock.
- ELITE, a Bay Filly, by Cardinal York, out of Matchless, by Stockwell, out of Non Pareille, by Kingston, her dam, England's Beauty (dam of the Rake), by Birdcatcher, out of Prairie Bird, by Touchstone (first foal).
- EMPIRE, a Bay Colt, by Cardinal York, out of Edith, by Oulton, out of Edith Lovell, by Joe Lovell, her dam, Maid of Tyne, by Galanthus, out of Queen of Tyne, by Tomboy; engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger.
- EMINENCE, a Bay Colt, by Cardinal York, out of Corybantica (dam of Anina, Deacon, &c.), by Fandango, out of Victoria (sister to West Australian), by Melbourne, out of Mowerina, by Touchstone; engaged in the Epsom Derby.
- ESPERTA, a Bay Filly, by Cardinal York, out of Belle of Hooton, by Stockwell, out of Bessie Bell, by Touchstone (first foal).
- EFFIE, a Bay Filly, by Cardinal York, out of Jeanie Deans (dam of Devotion, by See Saw), by Dundee, her dam, Sacrifice, by Voltaire, out of Virginia, by Rowton.

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on
THURSDAY, September 14th, the following YEAR-
LINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. Cookson.

- PEREFIX, a Brown Colt, by The Earl, or Palmer, out of Perea, by Voltigeur, her dam, Peri, by Birdcatcher, dam of Pericles and Mr. Winkle; engaged in the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton, and Seaton Delaval at Newcastle, of 10 sovs each, h ft (foaled May 22nd).
- THE MINSTREL, a Chestnut Colt, by The Palmer, out of Stockhausen, by Stockwell, her dam, Citron, by Sweetmeat (foaled April 28th); engaged in the Derby.
- CRUSADO, a Chestnut Colt, by The Palmer, out of Clorinda (Clarendon's dam)—foaled April 23rd; engaged in the Seaton Delaval at Newcastle, Great Northern St. Leger at Stockton, and the Derby.
- MACARIUS, a Brown Colt, by The Palmer, out of Methaglin, by Caterer, out of Hybla, dam of Minceat and Kettledrum (foaled February 12th); engaged in the Derby.
- PRECURSOR, a Bay Colt, by The Palmer, out of Preface, by Stockwell (Forerunner's dam)—foaled April 13th; engaged in the Hardwicke and Great Northern St. Leger of 10 sovs each, h ft, the Champion stakes at Newmarket, Richmond at Goodwood, the Derby and St. Leger.
- SIR KENNETH, a Bay Colt, by The Earl, or Knight of the Garter, out of Lady Macdonald, by Touchstone (Brigantine's dam)—foaled March 26th; engaged in the Hardwicke and Great Northern St. Leger at Stockton, the Champion stakes at Newmarket, and Richmond at Goodwood, the Derby and St. Leger.
- GRAND DUKE, Brown Colt, by The Earl, out of Alarum, by Alarm (foaled March 6th); engaged in the Derby and St. Leger.
- OASIS, a Chestnut Colt (brother to Palm Flower), by The Palmer, out of Jenny Diver, by Buccaneer (foaled February 4th); engaged in the Champion stakes at Newmarket, Richmond stakes at Goodwood, the Derby and St. Leger.
- PALM LEAF, a Bay Filly, by The Palmer, out of Pestilence, by Daniel o'Rourke (foaled February 19th); engaged in the Oaks.

PERCHANCE, a Chestnut Filly (foaled April 1st), by Knowles, out of Peradventure, by Adventurer, her dam, Mangane, by Birdcatcher, grandam of Agility, Apology, and Kisber; engaged in the Oaks.

SCOLLOP SHELL, a Chestnut Filly, by The Palmer, out of Minna, by Buccaneer (foaled February 26th); engaged in the Seaton Delaval at Newcastle, and in the Oaks.

PILGRIMAGE, a Chestnut Filly, by The Palmer, out of Lady Audley, out of Macaroni (foaled April 30th); engaged in the Oaks.

LADY EMMA, a Bay Filly, by The Earl, or Miner, out of Lady Louisa, by The Flying Dutchman, her dam, Countess of Burlington, by Touchstone (foaled March 31st); engaged in the Oaks.

To be seen at Somerset's boxes, near the sale pad-dock.

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on
THURSDAY, September 14th, 1876, the following
well bred YEARLINGS, BROOD MARES, &c.

YEARLINGS.

1. EARL OF GLASGOW, a bay colt by The Drake out of Curiosity by Lord Clifden—Doorha, &c.
2. GORDON CUMMING, a chestnut colt by Van Amburgh out of Divertissement by Grosvenor—One Act by Annandale—Extravaganza by Voltaire.
3. EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, a bay colt by Le Maréchal out of Easton Lass by Prime Minister—Village Lass by Pyrrhus the First.
4. CLARIONET, a chestnut colt by Costa out of Tinkling Cymbal by Kettledrum—Manuella by King of Trumps—Lady Hawthorn, &c.
5. BRAVA, a chestnut filly by Costa out of Woodbine (late The Oaks) by Solon—Princess by King Dan—Emily by Pantaloon.
6. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY, a brown filly by Costa out of Black Sarah (Brown Sarah's dam) by Yellow Jack—Maid of the Mill by Libel—Manacle by Emilius.
7. BARBARIENNE, a chestnut filly by a son of Blair Athol and Fayaway out of Gentilly by Barbarian (son of Sumoom)—Effie Deans by Faugh-a-Ballagh.

BROOD MARES.

8. POLYGLOT (foaled 1868) by Amsterdam out of Jenny Jones by Weatherbit; covered by Knight of St. Patrick (sire of Moslem, Queen of the Bees, &c.).
9. SCOTCH HAG (1869) by Blair Athol out of Heate (sister to The Wizard) by West Australian; covered by Joskin (sire of Plebeian).
10. TINKLING CYMBAL (1870) by Kettledrum out of Manuella by King of Trumps—Lady Hawthorn—Windhound; covered by Knight of St. Patrick.
11. RANEE (1870) by Knight of the Crescent out of Chilianwallah by Newminster; covered by The Warrior.
12. BREAD SAUCE (sister to Kissing Crust) by Brown Bread out of Lure by St. Albans—Grace Darling by Defence; 3 yrs; covered by Joskin.
13. DELIGHTFUL (1872) bay mare by Marsyas out of Delight by Birdcatcher—Ecstasy; covered by Lord Lyon.
14. CATERESS (1869) by Caterer out of Artless (winner of Cesarewitch) by Archer—Idyl by Ithuriel—Eclogue by Emilius; covered by Lord Lyon.

TO be SOLD BY AUCTION by Messrs.
TATTERSALL, at DONCASTER, on
FRIDAY, September 15th, the following YEAR-
LINGS, with their engagements, and BROOD
MARES, the property of W. Taylor Sharpe, Esq., of
Baumber Park:

YEARLINGS.

1. DUNEDIN, a Chestnut Colt, by Scottish Chief, out of Tasmania (dam of Curagoa, Leolinus, Margarita, &c.), by Melbourne (foaled Jan. 29th); engaged in the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, Grand Prix de Paris, Champion Stakes at Newmarket, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York.
2. BOYTON, a Brown Colt, by Suffolk, out of Blair Brae, by Blair Athol (foaled March 24th)—first foal; engaged in the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, Grand Prix, and Champion Stakes at Newmarket.
3. SISSIE, a Brown Filly, by Suffolk, out of Irma, by Kataplan (foaled March 4th); engaged in the Epsom Oaks, Grand Prix, and Champion Stakes at Newmarket.
4. ESSEX, a Brown Colt, by Suffolk, out of Etta, by Parmesan (foaled Jan. 29th); engaged in the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, Grand Prix, Champion Stakes at Newmarket, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York.
5. SALLY SINGLETON, a Bay Filly, by Suffolk, out of Allington (dam of Moccioletto, Mr. Feeder, &c.), by Chatham (foaled April 24th); no engagements.
6. CAVENDISH, a Bay Colt, by Suffolk, out of Lady Bankes, by Lord Lyon (foaled April 6th)—first foal; no engagements.
7. REAR ADMIRAL, a Bay Colt, by Suffolk, out of Victory, by Gladiator (foaled March 12th)—first foal; no engagements.
8. SLATTERN, a Bay Filly, by Delight, out of Sloven, by Lord Clifden (foaled April 29th)—first foal; no engagements.

BROOD MARES.

9. BIJOU (foaled 1869) by Trumpeter, out of Regalia (winner of the Oaks), by Stockwell; covered by Suffolk (last service April 7th).
10. STUD (foaled 1864) by Student, out of Bracelet (dam of Necklace, Macgregor's dam), by Touchstone; covered by Suffolk (last service March 24th).
11. ALLINGTON (foaled 1857), dam of Moccioletto, Mr. Feeder, &c., by Chatham, her dam, The Landgrave, by Elis; covered by Suffolk (last service April 7th).

THE GUILDFORD COACH.

ON MONDAY, the 25th of September,
MESSRS. TATTERSALL will sell about
20 HORSES, that have been working the Guildford
Coach this season.
The above horses can be seen in work in the coach up
to the 16th of September.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will hold
the SECOND ANNUAL ABSOLUTELY
UNRESERVED SALE OF HUNTERS, the property
of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Bart. at Belhus, near
Rainham, Essex, on the London, Tilbury, and Southend
Railway, on Saturday, October 7, 1876.
The horses will be on view to the public on Wednes-
day and Thursday, Oct. 4 and 5, and will be shown by
appointment on any day after Wednesday, Sept. 20.

NEWMARKET.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have re-
ceived instructions from Prince Soltykoff to
SELL BY AUCTION in the FIRST OCTOBER
MEETING, at NEWMARKET, unless previously dis-
posed of, all his HORSES IN TRAINING except
Balfie and New Holland.

FOR CONTINUANCE OF AUCTION ADVER-
TISEMENTS SEE PAGE 551.

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1876.

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CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

SEQUELS OF OPERAS.

THE story of "La Sonnambula" is so well known, that it will not be necessary to give any prefatory explanation of the following endeavour to furnish "further particulars" respecting the fate of its personages:—

LA SONNAMBULA.—(ACT IV.)

SCENE (2nd Grooves) Bedroom in ELVINO'S house. Window, R, wide open. ELVINO discovered in bed, snoring. He sneezes several times; awakes suddenly, and sits up in bed.

ELVINO (half asleep).—Where am I? (sneeze) I "dreamt that I dwelt" in Lisa's house; and she was my newly-wed bri—i—ide (sneeze). I do believe that window is open. Amina? (Shakes Amina's pillow). Amina? (Louder). Amina? (Sneezes.) Confound it, she's at her tricks again. During the last two months she has made my existence a (sneeze) burden to me, by her nocturnal prowlings. What husband, except a Tom Cat, would relish the idea of his wife being out on the tiles nearly all night? (Sneeze.) Hang it, she might at least have shut the window. These frequent exposures to the cold night air have given me a permanent cold (sneeze) in the head; and my life is one melancholy perpetual (sneeze) sneeze. I know how it will be. About two o'clock in the morning, she will be brought home by the rural policeman. Every time he brings her home he states that it his duty to "run her in," and he must have doubled his pay, by the bribes he has extorted from me, to say nothing of the (sneeze)—alcohol he has surrounded. (Crash heard, outside.) What's that?—I know.—She's knocked down somebody's chimney pot, at my expense! I suppose I ought to go in search of her? But I shan't. My cold's bad enough already. Who knows? She may fall off a—(sneeze)—parapet, and break her confounded neck! Ha! Ha! (Sneeze.) Then I could marry dear little LISA, and sleep all night long. (Sings.)

(Air, "Still so gently o'er me stealing.")

Sleep, so gently o'er me stealing,
Bids me take a course unfeeling.
Conscience! vain is thy appealing;
Let him run her in! I'll snooze, in slumber still.
Nightly promenades don't charm me,
And I never found them warm me;
Chilly draughts of air might harm me—
Let him run her in! I'll snooze, in slumber still.

(Composes himself to sleep. Composes an "endless melody" of snores. Scene changes to

Room in LISA'S Inn. (1st Grooves.) Doors R and L.

Enter LISA.

LISA.—'Tis getting late. I was in hopes dear Elvino would look in for a moment. Hush! There he is! I hear him coming along the passage. I'll pretend not to notice him. (Looks off R, and hums a tune.)

Enter ALESSIO L, on tiptoe.

ALESSIO (aside).—She does not see me. What a charming figure she has! What a nice waist! (Steals behind LISA, and puts his arm round her waist.)

LISA.—Elvino, for shame! (Turns round and sees ALESSIO.) You, Alessio? (Angrily) How dare you?

ALESSIO.—Forgive me, Lisa, for the sake of old times?

LISA.—You had better make haste back to your old wife,—or she will be fetching you home in double quick time.

ALESSIO.—No fear of that (chuckling). She's gone to bed with severe rheumatics, and ever so many of 'em. So I thought I would steal out, just to say good night to little Lisa.

LISA.—A deal you cared for little Lisa, a year ago, when you married that wrinkled old hag, Dame Teresa!

ALESSIO.—Well, you see,—you had refused me; and when Elvino married Amina, I was determined to marry somebody. So I married Amina's mother.

LISA.—And set all the village laughing at you!

ALESSIO.—I am used to that, you know. I am the comic man of the piece.

LISA.—One would hardly think it. I don't find you particularly amusing.

ALESSIO.—Can you expect it? The old lady's jealousy is the torment of my life; she rules me with several rods of iron. Vain as a peacock! Because she's married a fool of a hairdresser, thinks herself entitled to a new set of false front curls once a fortnight; uses two bottles a week of our Blissful Balm of Blatherumskite; and will have the best of our real tortoiseshell combs.

LISA.—Ah! Mock tortoiseshell, I think, eh?

ALESSIO.—Real, I assure you. We import them direct from Tortoli!

LISA.—I apologise. I suppose she helps you in your business?

ALESSIO.—Not in the least. Never offers assistance in hair-dressing, except when she is in a passion; and then she offers to comb my hair—with a three-legged stool! (Weeps.)

LISA (aside, listening).—I hear footsteps in the other passage. 'Tis Elvino at last! And now,—to get rid of this blockhead. (Aloud, to ALESSIO.) I am very sorry, Alessio, but I cannot help you. Good night. (Pushing him towards door, L.)

ALESSIO.—You'll console me with one kiss, Lisa?

LISA.—Certainly not. (Pushing him towards door L. He struggles to obtain a kiss. DAME TERESA enters R.)

D. TERESA (with mock politeness).—Pray don't let me interrupt you. I have risen from a couch of pain, after taking gruel and Gum Guaiacum; and I risk my life in coming to look for my beloved husband. Glad to find him in such charming company. (With sudden violence) You brazen hussy! You wicked cat!

LISA (coolly).—If I were a cat, my daughters shouldn't prowl about by night; as some cats' daughters do.

D. TERESA.—If you dare to say a word against my Amina—

ALESSIO.—My love, don't excite yourself. You'll be ill.

D. TERESA.—Hold your tongue! (ALESSIO collapses.) You'll be ill, as soon as I get you home! (ALESSIO shudders.)

LISA.—Leave my house. Alessio, I insist on your taking away this troublesome old female.

D. TERESA (screaming).—Old? Old? (Rushes at LISA. ALESSIO holds her back.) Let me get at her! Old! (Her cap, curls, and wig fall off, and her head is seen, as bald as a Dutch cheese. She shrieks, and tries to pick up wig, &c. LISA picks them up, and hands them to her, with mock courtesy.)

LISA.—I couldn't think of accepting them. If you were to go home, through the night air, with literally nothing on your head, how about the rheumatics in the morning?

D. TERESA (putting on wig, &c. Aside).—I am so choking with rage that I can't say anything spiteful. And can't even do anything spiteful. (Aloud, to LISA, curtsying) Good night, most modest of maidens!

LISA (curtsying).—Good night, most venerable of vixens! You had better make haste home, and rub in some more of the Blissful Balm of Blatherumskite.

D. TERESA.—Ugh! (To ALESSIO) Come along! I'll pay you out for this, when I get you home! (Seizes ALESSIO'S arm. He casts a despairing farewell glance at LISA. Exit ALESSIO and D. TERESA.)

LISA (solus).—What a time poor Elvino has been kept waiting in the passage. (Coughing) Ahem! Ahem!

Enter AMINA, R.

(She walks slowly and dreamily into the room, dressed in white.)

LISA (Aside, with her back turned to AMINA).—At last, poor fellow! Ahem! (Turns round and sees AMINA) Why, I declare, it's that nuisance, Amina!

AMINA (always dreaming).—Jealous, Elvino? And of me? (Sings.) "And yet I am not guilty!"

LISA (aside).—I am not so sure of that.

AMINA.—Elvino has broken off our intended marriage. He will marry Lisa. Lisa! A vulgar, flirting, ugly creature!

LISA.—I'll tear her eyes out!

AMINA.—How she tried to captivate the Count Rodolfo! But when I was present she had no chance.

LISA.—I should like to stab her—to poison her! If I could make her swallow a bottle of my ninepenny claret!

AMINA (sings).—

(AIR: "Oh, I cannot give expression.")

Her plain features lack expression,
She made not the least impression;
And the Count's eyes made confession
That he cared for me alone!

Her thin lips she bit, revealing
The vexation she was feeling!
And since then, there's no concealing
She has, daily, plainer grown!

LISA.—I've a great mind to give her in charge as a burglar!

AMINA (moving towards door L).—Elvino! (Exit L.)

LISA.—I'll follow, and watch her. (Exit L.)

SCENE III.—(Village-street, LISA'S house L. Rustic bench L.)

Enter the RURAL POLICEMAN R.

POLICEMAN.—Past twelve o'clock; and no sign of Amina?

Enter AMINA, from LISA'S house.

AMINA (softly).—Are you there?

POLICEMAN (Aside).—Oh, joy! 'tis she! (Aloud.) Amina?

AMINA (rushes towards him. They embrace.)

POLICEMAN.—I thought you would never come.

AMINA.—I thought Elvino would never go to sleep.

(LISA opens her door softly and listens.)

AMINA.—At last I made my escape. I might have been here sooner; but I could not resist the temptation of giving that spiteful Lisa a fright.

POLICEMAN.—Never mind; here you are at last; and I don't mean to let you go for two hours at least. And now—one heavenly kiss!

AMINA.—No, no. It is not right.

POLICEMAN.—That's what you always say. Come now! (Puts his arm round her waist.)

AMINA.—Well, I say again, it is not right. But you are such an irresistible, good for nothing creature, that— (Kisses.)

LISA (Aside).—The deceitful hussy! I'll go and wake up Elvino. (Steals off R, unperceived by A. and P.)

POLICEMAN.—Amina, I can bear this suspense no longer. Fly with me to-night, or I shall doubt if you love me!

AMINA.—Cruel! How often have I risked my life—or, at all events, compound fractures—by climbing along parapets, over roofs, and among smoky chimney-pots? And all for your sake! Would you do as much for me?

POLICEMAN.—What have I not done? Have I not stopped two months in this stupid village, "moving on" applewomen, and "running in" drunk and disorderlies? And all for your sake. Fly with me to the pe-rareers of America. Once there, you can get a divorce in seven minutes.

AMINA.—Let's sit down, and talk it over. (They seat themselves on bench outside Lisa's house. A succession of sneezes is heard, off R. Enter ELVINO and LISA at back, R, ELVINO carrying three pistols under each arm, and several daggers in his belt. His cold is very much worse.)

LISA.—There they are!

AMINA (Aside to POLICEMAN).—'Tis Lisa, with Elvino! We must dissemble. (Rises, and pretends to be walking in her sleep. Sings).—

"Elvino, dear Elvino!"

ELVINO (sneezing).—Abida! (Clutches her wrist.) Elvino is here; sooner than you (sneezes) expected!

AMINA (Pretending to awake. Tries to embrace him. Sings).—

"Do not mingle one human feeling!"

ELVINO (Sneezes).—Abida! Do bore of this dodsedse. I dow all! (Sneezes.) Ad I bead to bake hib (pointing at POLICEMAN) suffer for his cribes!

POLICEMAN (disdainfully).—Clod-hopping ruffian, beware! I am not a policeman, but the Count Rodolfo, the lord and master of you all! (Takes off false beard and whiskers, unfastens belt, opens great coat, and shows the star of the Order of the Golden Thingummy. General sensation. ELVINO points a pistol at THE COUNT. The other pistols fall to the ground.)

ELVINO (sneezes).—Be lord, You bay be by baster, but I ab dot a slave! You have robbed be of the dearest object of by affections. Bodster! Take that! (Fires. THE COUNT falls dead. ELVINO sneezes.)

ELVINO.—Abida! Cub hobe.

AMINA (picking up pistol).—You have slain the dearest object of my affections. Take that! (Fires. ELVINO falls, sneezes, and dies.)

Enter DAME TERESA and ALESSIO.

BOTH.—What is the matter?

LISA (pointing to AMINA, and picking up pistol).—She has slain the dearest object of my affections. Take that! (Fires at AMINA, who falls dead.)

D. TERESA.—You wretch! You have slain my Amina, the dearest object of my affections. (Picks up pistol.) Take that! (Fires at LISA, who falls dead.)

ALESSIO (picks up pistol).—Bald-pated old dragon! You have slain the dearest object of my affections. Take that! (Fires at DAME TERESA, whose wig falls off as she falls dead.)

ALESSIO (solus).—I feel quite lonely. There is nobody left to kill me; but I will not survive my Lisa. I'm afraid of fire-arms. Ha! Lucky thought! Our Blissful Balm "for outward application. Poison." (Takes bottle from his pocket, also brush and comb. Combs and brushes his hair and whiskers.) I will now slay the dearest surviving object of my affections. (Uncorks bottle of the Blissful Balm of Blatherumskite, drinks, and dies.) All the personages of the opera are now extinct.

(CURTAIN.)

HENRY HERSEE.

A SERENADE.

THE gentle stars are blue and bright,
And in the trees
The summer wind makes sweet delight
That woos to ease.

The gentle air soothes weary flow'rs
With fragrant dews,
And distant bells delay the hours
With interviews.

The gentle moon lights all the lane,
And in that shade
Lies, gentlest dream of all the plain,
My sweetheart maid!

Fair wonder of my heart, above
Stars watch and glow!
Fair wonder, sleep while, gentle love,
I watch below!

RICHARD DOWLING.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 110.

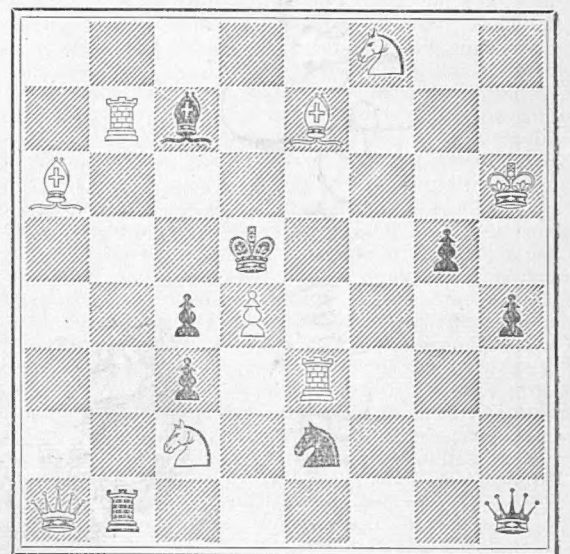
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 2 K to Q Kt 4
2. Kt to Q 4 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 111.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

By MR. G. J. SLATER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

The following is the concluding game in a little match recently contested at Glasgow between Messrs. Crum and Murray for the West of Scotland Challenge Cup.

(QUEEN'S GAMBIT ACCEPTED.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	20. Q to K R 3	Q to Q B sq
2. P to Q B 4	P takes P	21. P to K B 5	P takes P
3. P to K 3	P to K 3 (a)	22. Q takes P	P to Q Kt 4
4. B takes P	Kt to K B 3	23. B to K Kt 3	Kt to Q Kt 3
5. Kt to Q B 3	B to Q Kt 5 (b)	24. Q to K B sq	Kt to Kt sq
6. K Kt to K 2	Castles	25. B to K B 4	P to Q R 4 (d)
7. Castles	P to Q B 3	26. B takes K R P	P takes P
8. P to Q 4th	P to K R 3	27. P takes P	R to R 6
9. P to Q R 3	B to K 2	28. R to Q Kt sq	Kt to Q B 5 (e)
10. P to Q Kt 4	P to Q Kt 3	29. B to Q B sq	R to Q R 2
11. Kt to K Kt 3	B to Q Kt 2	30. B takes Kt	P takes B
12. B to Q Kt 3	Kt to K R 2	31. Q takes P	Q to Q 2
13. B to K 3	B to Q R 3	32. P to K R 3	R to K sq
14. R to K sq	B to Q Kt 2	33. B to K Kt 5	Kt to K R 2
15. P to K B 4	B to K R 5	34. B to K R 4	B to Q R 3
16. Q to K Kt 4 (c)	B takes Kt	35. Q to Q B 5	B to Q 6
17. Q takes B	K to R sq	36. Q R to Q sq	B to Q Kt 4
18. Q R to Q sq	Kt to K B 3	37. P to Q 5	R to Q Kt 2
19. B to K B 2	Q Kt to Q 2	38. Kt takes B	

And after a few moves Black resigned.

(a) The usual move is 3. P to K 4, for the purpose of isolating the first player's Queen's Pawn.

(b) Better we should have thought to play 5. B to K 2.

(c) White has already obtained a very superior position, and winning should be a mere matter of time.

(d) Overlooking, apparently, the very obvious thread of White's last move.

(e) Worse and worse; after this his game is beyond redemption.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL TOURNAMENT.

The last number of the Chess Record, the organ of the Philadelphia Chess Club, has the following remarks on the Centennial Chess Tourney.

"Messrs. Steinitz, Zukertort and Blackburne have written a letter to the Committee on Rules and Regulations, in which they state 'that if the tourney be postponed to September 15, or October 1, they have no doubt that a very much larger sum can be raised than we now have, and that they will then come over and enter, and the tourney will be a grand success.' Now, we think that this is a step in the right direction, and if the English players and chess public, who have contributed nothing to the tourney, would only club their funds and pay the expenses of those three masters over here, it would be no more than justice to us and to themselves, as England should be represented, and she should pay the expenses of her representatives. It will cost Messrs. Steinitz, Blackburne, and Zukertort an average of at least 200 dols. a-piece to come here and remain two weeks, and as they do not play chess for glory alone, their constituents should certainly defray their expenses. This would be England's correct method of subscribing to the tourney, and the money could not be better spent."

We scarcely know what to admire most in the above paragraph; the cool self-assertion of Messrs. Steinitz, Zukertort, and Blackburne, or the profound simplicity of the American commentator. The latter appears to be utterly in the dark as to the state of chess in England. Fifteen or twenty years ago the necessary funds might possibly have been forthcoming,—for "beastly enthusiasts" with long purses and open hearts were then plentiful in the land, but that good milch cow, the British public, has since been so persistently pulled at for our little clique of professional chess players, that the supply is at last exhausted. A well-known chess amateur—whose generosity is always proverbial—told us the other day that he "really could not afford" to attend certain chess-rooms on account of the excessive black mail that was habitually levied upon him, and it is whispered that this is the cause of a certain club having come to grief. Apart from this, however, it is preposterous to speak of Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort as "representatives" of English chess. Mr. Blackburne might, in a sense, represent England; but Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz, if they represented anything, would represent Prussia and Bohemia respectively—certainly not England. With regard to the innuendo that English players "have contributed nothing to the tourney,"—may we be permitted to ask what amount was ever subscribed in America towards the numerous tournaments that have been held in this country since 1851.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in London with a view of obtaining permission for bicyclists to ride in the parks. An association has been formed with this object, which is favourably regarded by Mr. Lowe, M.P., who is president of the West Kent Bicycle Club.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[ADVT.]

More Extracts from the Press.



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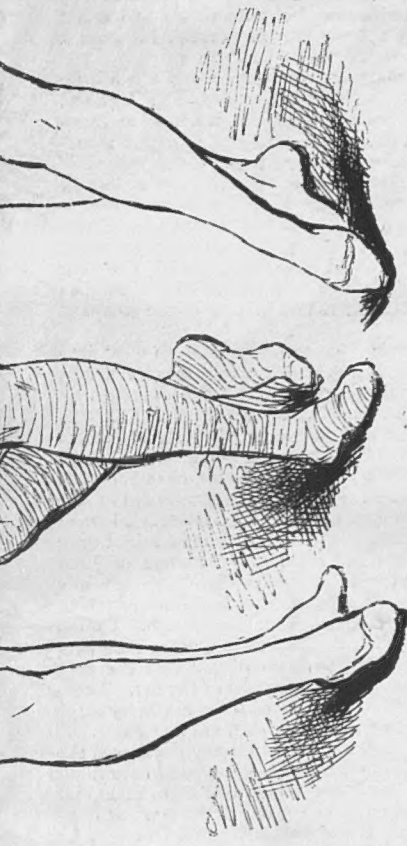
Fanny Portraik



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The Three Graces

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a Great Shame too!



GRAND FANCY DRESS BALLS and AMATEUR THEATRICALS

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Downer Wilson



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No doubt about it



JOVIAL JOE

Sketch taken at a convivial meeting



OUR GIRLS

The little dears - Sketches in their most natural attitudes



WANTED A GHOST.
A specimen from the East End

THE FIRST.

MANY amongst our readers who regard the Twelfth with languid interest, and read the reports from the moors half enviously, half apathetically, have been looking anxiously for September, exercising dogs, examining guns, and inviting friends to share the pleasures of days to come already planned, after "The First." These sportsmen are now in the full glow of their delight, and the moors are altogether forgotten in the pleasures of

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Partridge shooting may be fitly designated as the home sport of the English country gentleman, for it can be always had, without difficulty or delay, at the very door of his mansion. Until, of late years, grouse shooting and its attendant pleasures were, it may be said, known only to the fortunate few who possessed moors in the northern counties, or to the proprietors of the Scottish Highlands, who strictly reserved it for their own and their friends' amusement; while the fatigue and expense to be encountered in reaching the localities in which the game was to be found deterred persons of moderate means from attempting to indulge in it. Railroads, however, quickly changed all this. A twenty-four hours' enjoyable journey at once took the prosperous millionaire into the very heart of the Highlands. As the beauty of the scenery and the delight of the sport became known, they became appreciated; and the chiefs of clans, whose forefathers would have indignantly spurned the proposition to sell the privilege of shooting their game, as an insult, soon became reconciled to sacrifice their family pride to the seductions of "siller." As grouse were found to be more profitable than gillies, and paid better than sheep-feeding, whole tracts of country were depopulated to produce them. The popular palate became gradually enamoured of the delicate flavour of the heather-fed birds. Poulterers entered into special contracts for their supply with the landowners, or hired crack shots to work for their benefit. Shootings are now let at fabulous prices. Grouse shooting is regarded as "the proper thing to be done—it has more go in it." Partridge shooting is considered "slow work," and the advent of the twelfth of August is more anxiously looked forward to than that of the old-fashioned, but time-honoured, first of September.

Although it cannot be disputed that grouse shooting enjoys undoubted advantages over partridge shooting, in point of pleasurable associations, arising from the magnificent scenery in which it is generally carried on, combined with the delicious fragrance of the blooming heather which the sportsman traverses in quest of his game, still it is more fatiguing to persons advanced in life, and a far more costly amusement, from the expense which it entails. While partridge shooting, if legitimately carried on, affords the man who pursues it equal opportunities of exhibiting his skill in field-craft and his adroitness as a shot. Unfortunately for the cause of field sports, they, one and all of them, suffer damage from the "fastness" which is now so prevalent in every phase of life. Our foxhounds are bred to run too fast—and, consequently, almost mute—and the spirit-stirring music which stimulated man and horse to deeds of daring is sacrificed to gratify the wishes of persons who, being perfectly ignorant of what constitutes the main pleasures of the chase, come to cover merely to exhibit pink coats and splendid cattle, and station themselves in favourable positions before the "find" to enable them to get off in advance of the pack, and ride in pursuit of the fox, regardless of the mischief they do to the anticipated run by fouling the scent.

The pleasure of partridge shooting, too, must be greatly abridged in the estimation of all true sportsmen by the indolent and inactive manner, now but too frequently adopted, of carrying it on, arising in a great measure from the greed of gain engendered by the facility of disposing of that particular description of game, and the considerable profit derived from its sale. A notable change has also been effected in partridge shooting by the rapid extension of the growth of green crops, which has led to the modern system of "driving" the birds, and massing them in the turnip fields, where they can be at once found ready to the shooter's hand, and walked up and killed in numbers which it would be impossible for him to find during the length of a day on the most strictly preserved lands, even with his most indefatigable exertions and the assistance of the best bred and most perfectly trained dogs.

The results of "driving" are, however, far less injurious to the partridge, as regards their propagation, than to the grouse. The partridges rise from the cover in which they have been forced to take refuge for the most part singly, and are killed as in the ordinary manner; those who escape being as uninjured as if the covey were sprung in a pasture field. While the grouse, when "driven," are exposed in flocks on the wing to a fire which, perhaps, though killing but one, may maim a dozen to such a degree, that should they survive and breed, their progeny are sure to prove weak and worthless.

When partridge shooting is indulged in after its normal fashion, and the sportsman's prowess is estimated by the contents of a bag filled by his own exertions, and his skill in working his dogs, it is a pleasure to see the hearty squire, after the due distribution of his guests, enter the stubble or turnip fields to find them tenanted, but not overstocked, by stout and healthy birds, and watch his setters or pointers, as the case may be, beating for the game, and when found, cautiously following them as they load, until at last the crash comes when the covey springs, and the dogs return to foot without touching the dead or daring to follow the survivors. As sport, not slaughter, should be the object, we conceive that twenty brace of birds should be the outside number permitted to fall to a single gun, no matter how well stocked may be the ground shot over. It is remarkable that in other countries, as well as in our own, the commencement of partridge shooting is celebrated as a festival bound to be joyously kept; with us, its arrival is regarded with the greatest pleasure, not alone from the enjoyment it affords of itself, but also because it heralds in the approach of fox-hunting—our greatest national amusement. The overture of "La chasse" in his vicinity is the realisation of the Frenchman's greatest pleasure—and to participate in it is his highest ambition. It must, however, be understood that although the opening of "the chase" is meant as designating the time when legal permission is given to shoot partridge, that in the Gallic mind it includes the liberty of killing every bird that can be met with, from a tom-tit to a carrion crow; and it is inconceivable what anxiety the French sportsman evinces—and every man, no matter how humble his social position, who can manage to pay for a license, is included in the category—when the "Préfet" is expected to issue his edict that the "Chasse" is opened in any portion of the Department subject to his jurisdiction. In France there are no fixed days on which shooting special descriptions of game commences; and the overture of partridge shooting, which altogether depends on the time when the cereal crops have ripened and been removed from the ground, regulates all the other sorts of sport. The Frenchman's preparations for "la chasse" are most elaborate, and involve the unremitting attention of all the members—male and female—of the family, from the announcement of the happy day by the authorities, until its arrival. The women look carefully to the arrangement of his dress, which is often of a very dramatic description, and to the repairs of his "carnassière," or game-bag, (generally large enough to contain a well-sized pig) should it require any; and the sportsmen start before daylight in multitudes from the towns and cities—more particularly from Paris, for the Parisian considers himself superior to

all other men in knowledge of sport, as well as in every other accomplishment, and deems it a bounden duty to set a good example to the less enlightened. An unremitting fusillade is kept up against every bird met with along the road as they proceed to their quarters. Unless invited as a guest to some farm house where, on such occasions, high holiday is kept, and hospitality abounds—as trespass on other persons' property is rigidly punished—the sportsman usually purchases, for a few francs, the right of shooting over some few acres—all the more desirable should they contain a pool on which some lonely bald coot has taken up his abode; and no matter how great may be his fatigue or disappointment, even though his bag be empty, he returns home proud and contented, as he can boast the honour of having taken part in "la chasse." It would be considered "bad form" to be found at home on the auspicious day; and should you require the services of any of your tradesmen, Madame will inform you, with dignified politeness, that she regrets you cannot have them, as Monsieur has gone to "la chasse."

Unless upon the large estates which are carefully preserved, there is little game to be found in France, for though a moderately-sized property may be carefully looked after, the birds bred upon it are sure to be slaughtered by the neighbours on whose ground they may happen to alight. Amongst the country gentlemen of moderate fortune, "la chasse" is carried out with the greatest ceremony, and not without considerable danger to those who take part in it. More than usual hospitality prevails, invitations to join in the sport and remain for dinner are the rule, and not unfrequently a dozen neighbours or friends are engaged to shoot over perhaps a hundred acres on which one covey is known to be reared. The sportsmen, often numbering twelve, are ranged in line with military precision, lest one should have an advantage over the rest, and in close order, and so march over the field in which the game is expected to be found, carrying their guns trailed after the manner of riflemen, and at full cock. The dogs are few, and certain to "run shot." Should the birds be found, every one fires, and, if any are killed, every one puts in a claim to the share of the spoil; and so it often happens that at the close of the day one man may have an acknowledged right to the third of a hare, or the fourth of a partridge; a balance of claims is struck, and everything is arranged with perfect good humour. It is not to be wondered at that such a system of shooting should often give rise to accidents; on one occasion at which we happened to be present, one barrel of a gentleman's gun exploded—it was before the introduction of breech-loaders—while he was ramming down the charge. The ramrod passed through the peak of his cap, he sprang at least three feet from the ground, and came down on the flat of his back, all the time roaring out, "Suis je blessé, suis je blessé?"—am I wounded?—until assured, after a strict investigation, that he was quite unharmed. Perhaps no social festival is more welcomed in England than the "first of September"; and its approaching arrival warns us to prepare our dogs and guns, and to issue pressing invitations to our friends to join our family circles, and partake of our sport.

RALPH NEVILLE.

MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

London, August 28, 1876.

ME DEAR MIKE,—Owin to the great hate of the weather and the andramartins of me liver I thought that a few days in the country wouldn't be much amiss, so the week before last I made up me mind to lave London for a spell.

At first I tuck a fancy to the say-side, but be all the accounts I could get of the say-side here I didn't fall in love with it, as I was towld there was no place handy aikel to Thramore, or even Dungarvan or Howth. So as last year I went on that blistern business about young Ned Hasely (that was the beginnin of me bad troubles with the widdy) to the middle of England, an as the Ould Nick you know is better than the Ould Nick you don't know I detarmined to give the midland another thrial, of coorse keepin a shtrip of civil country between me an Leamington where Mrs. Hasely the widdy's sither lives.

You must know that since I came to this wandherful city I have often gone to the theayters and towld you nothin about it because of other matthers bein more on me mind or body; with other sights I witnessed was Mr. Irving as Hamlet, Macbeth an Othello in Shakespeare's plays. Now, as you an I often saw Barry Sullivan in the plays of Shakespeare at the Hawkin's St. house an as Shakespeare is allowed be all to be wan of the greatest men that ever lived, an as the place he was born in howlds a good name for bein lovely an is in the midland I detarmined to take a sthroll through Sthratford-on-Avon and see all worth seein there. So without anny backin and fillin I tuck the thrain at Paddington Station an away wid me to Sthratford-on-Avon.

The country all about the town is very nice an quiet, a kind of Sunday counthry, as I may call it, made up of small woods an leafy sthrames an shaded valleys an low hills where you could walk about all day long and never feel angry or covetuous. The roads are broad and smooth bordered with tall green threes an havin grassy sides to them for horse ridin. There isnt anny thing very grand or very awful about the country, but it's a-kind of a place where you feel wholesome an very quiet an where you couldn't think they'd ever want a peeler, much less a special commission. It looks like a place where you might live and die without the consolation of a fight to calm your sperrits or of a risin to make the fortune of an attorney general.

The town of Sthratford-on-Avon is ony about half the size of Carrick-on-Suir. It is very plain and nate with fine wide sthreetes of a kind of red stone like say sand after the tide lavin it. The houses are not very big or very grand, but like the town itself they are a credit to the place for bein so well kept and fresh lookin. I send you a guide-book be which you will see that the town was never of much more consequence than it is to-day, an indeed I think it's more now than ever, for aich year there's more people who know about Shakespeare an think of the town he was born in an died in, an if it hasn't many people livin in it wan of the greatest men ever on earth is buried in it an more people have heard of Sthratford-on-Avon an have known about it than would fill all the houses in London beyond the number of lodgers allowed be act of Parliament.

What sthruke me most in lookin in at the shop windows is that if you thried you couldn't buy anything at Sthratford-on-Avon unless it had somethin to say to Shakespeare. The penny tin whistles are Shakespeare's patent whistles; the collars are all Shakespearean; the bottoms of plates an the top of walkin sticks have his likeness; there's the Shakespeare glove an the Shakespeare coat; you can have the pleasure of aitin his portrait in ginger-bread an butherin your cake with his cheek or nose, as there's Shakespeare pats an rowls; you can have a glass of wine or beer the dead image of what Shakespeare dhrank, an a chair made be the carpenter he employed. You can get cuttins of his mulberry three for your own back garden, an a waistcoat made out of the wool he combed. You can have your hat refreshed with some of the ink out of the horn he used an a whole suit of toothpicks of the quill writin pens with which he wrote the plays. You can have a doore-mat of the rushes taken off his floore an all your house furnished with things made of the wood of his

mulberry three. You can have a photograph of the room he was born in an wan of the cap sthrings of the monthly nurse. You can have his pipe when he was a man an his bottle when a child. You can have a pen handle out of the birch rod he was flogged with at school an a charge of gunpowder out of the flask he carried when he went poachin. You can have a ribbon of his grand aunt on the mother's side, an no iday whatever of all the other things like him an belongin to him that's to be got for money.

The house that Shakespeare was born in wouldn't bring more than fifteen pounds a year in the Irish town of Glenary. It's a two-storey house with attics an built of wood an plaister. From the outside it looks a little like an ornamental canary-cage an from the inside it looks as if the buidher contracted to let as much of the daylight in as ever he could an broke his contract as usual an let ony as much in as would allow the men to set the flag-stones worse than you could find outside of government contract-work in time of war.

The first room you go into is what they called the usin kitchen. After Shakespeare's time it was a butcher's shop which accounts for the flags bein all smashed to bits. The ceilin is so low that a tall man could touch it with his hand an never have to ax for the lend of a step ladder or even a three legged stool. In wan corner is an ould widdy (between me an harm!) of a fireplace somethin like them in farm-houses at home ony not so roomy. Maybe often of an evenin him that's dead an gone sat in that big chimbley place when a boy divartin himself be burnin the toes of his little boots until some of his elders found out what he was afther and tuck him into the best kitchen behind an gave him a good wallopin.

The best kitchen is a daycenter room than the other an no doubt, was used as an aitin room be the family. I can fancy young Shakespeare when a child aitin his bread an milk here an screechin for more sugar, an laither, when he had grown as big as the back of a chair an got sense, screechin no more for the sugar but stailin it on the sly when the ould people went into the usin kitchen to see if the banes was boiled.

From this place I went up a narrow stairs into the room where he was born. It is a small room too an if I'm a judge even lower than the wans downstairs. The walls an ceilin an windows are all covered with the names of all the wandherin thribes that came to that place since the Flood, an for the matther of that, maybe before, but if that is so I am surprised the names aren't washed away; an if it isn't so I don't know how to account for such a flock of names.

Behind this room there's another for all the world like a little chapel. It looks into the garden an has a porthrait of Shakspeare. This picture was wance all painted over with another so as to desave Cromwell an prevent his givin it up to plundher an destruction, which was a kind of way he was partial to in the regard of kings an pictures. The porthrait is covered with glass an looked to me more like a picture than a man. In this same room there's a ladder, I dar say for gettin a better look at the picture. There is also a bust of him and wan of them high-backed chairs on which nothin but a skittle standin up could sit with comfort. The door to this room is so low that a gander with a reasonable allowance of neck could not get in without makin a bow to the company inside.

Afther lookin about a while I came downstairs an went into what they call the Museum. Here they have all kinds of things belongin to Shakspeare an annybody else of his time or since. I saw the desk he used when at the Grammar School an although it's cut an hacked with the names of manny a boy I couldn't see his on it. I dar say the poor fellow hadn't a pocket-knife of his own an was too proud to borrow wan of the tallow-chandler's son that sat beside him. Hangin on the wall is the sign-board of the public-house where he often got the worse of licker. Mike, it makes me down-hearted to think of what that man might have done if he could only have winked his eyes over some of John Jameson seven year ould, an not be thriflin with them rubbishy wines that's fit ony for wakenly women and undershized furriners. I also saw his signet-ring, which he wore on the thumb. I often was surprised at their wearin their rings on their thumbs long ago, but maybe it was because fights were so plenty that the ring would be surely smashed if worn on the fingers of the fist. There is a porthrait here of the man that cut down the mulberry three an tore down the house where Shakspeare died at New Place. It appears this person, be the name of Francis Gastrell, ordered the three to be cut down because so manny people came to see it, an aftherwards had the house itself levelled in order to save poor rates. But, faith, if he did he had to clear out of the town at dead of night, as the people weren't a bit particular as to the road he went to glory be, as long as he went.

But that's about the house he died in an I'm most consarned with the wan he was born in.

Over this room is another full of books an pictures and curiosities in wan way or another havin to do with him that's dead. There's porthraits of great authors that tuck parts in his plays, an whole bookcases of remarks on his works. There's a letter between glass from wan Rych Quynay axin for a lend of a thrifle of money on a bill. Anythin like the spellin of that lethier I never saw an I am surprised that Shakspeare could have so ignorant a man for a friend. In this same room is the very chair he used to sit in an a much more uncomfortable chair you couldn't fancy. It's made of oak and in no way considhered for human wakeness. It would be a beautiful chair for writin articles in against the government or somewan, as the minnit you began to get aisy or careless you'd lain on the elbows or the back an the pain would awaken you into a fresh passion; but how anny person could write poethry in that chair bates me altogether, and is ony a fresh proof of what a great man him that's dead and gone must have been.

I did not go into the garden, as it was all withered up be the great hate. A most civil an obligin lady that takes charge of the house showed me all over it an not ony could tell me all the thruth that's known of Shakspeare but warn me off the lies as well. She said that this was a bad year for them as it is for all other business an that about ten thousand people came every year to see this house.

The church where he an his wife are buried is on the edge of the Avon. There are a good manny other tombs in the church an none simpler than his. It is a flat grey-yellow stone inside the Communion rails. It looks no more than anny tanner's flag-stone in the grave-yard outside, except that none of the tombs outside have such bad poethry on them. I wandher the ghost of the dead doesn't rise an rub out the foolishness.

When I had seen the house an the inside of the church an his grave I felt a bit tired and slipped out into the grave-yard and sat down on a stone bench in a gravel walk overlookin the river. There were three red cows in the field over the river and a young girl in a blue dress in a boat with a young man. The sky was cheerfull an bright, the threes green an shady an now an then from boats round the bend of the river I heard people laughin, an beyond a little rise across the river some boy was thryin to play on a tin-whistle. At me feet the river stole on as silently as a blue mist. I tuck out me pipe an lighted it an lained me head on me hands, an off with me to sleep. In that sleep, Mike, I had a most wandherful dhrame an maybe I'll tell you of it next time I write, but now I'm tired.

Your lovin Cousin,

ANDY O'ROURKE.

To Michael Crotty, Esq.,
South King-sthreet, Dublin.